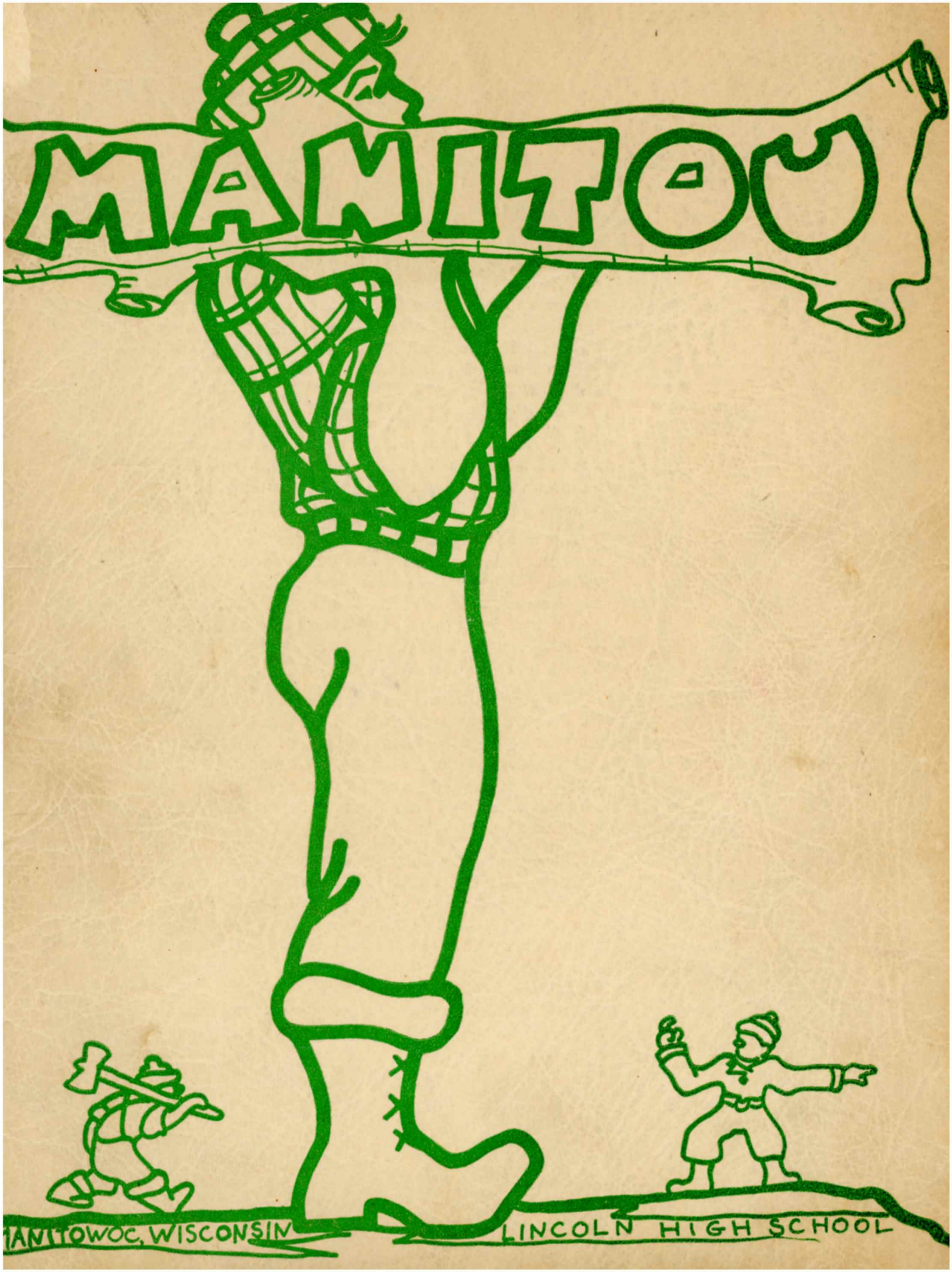
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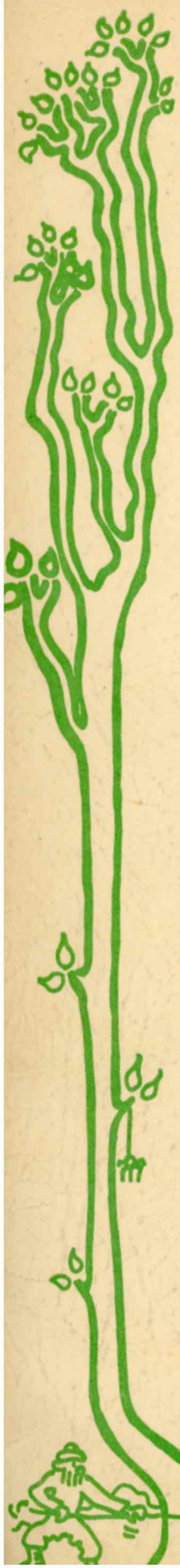


ONE OF the most loved tales in American folklore is the story of Paul Bunyan. Certainly everybody has heard the exaggerations about this gigantic logger from the North Woods. For generations and generations this legend has been repeated until today it is one of America's favorite tall tales.

Paul Bunyan's amazing exploits in North America are very well-known to the people of Wisconsin. Lake Michigan, so they say, was formed by Paul's footprint as he tramped through the swampy North Woods.

The fascinating and laughable episodes in the Paul Bunyan stories are characterized by such colorful personalities as Teeny, Ole the Big Swede, Big Henry, Pecos Bill, and Dan Puget. With the heroic Paul Bunyan as their leader and the North Woods as their environment they fit together to form a favorite American legend.

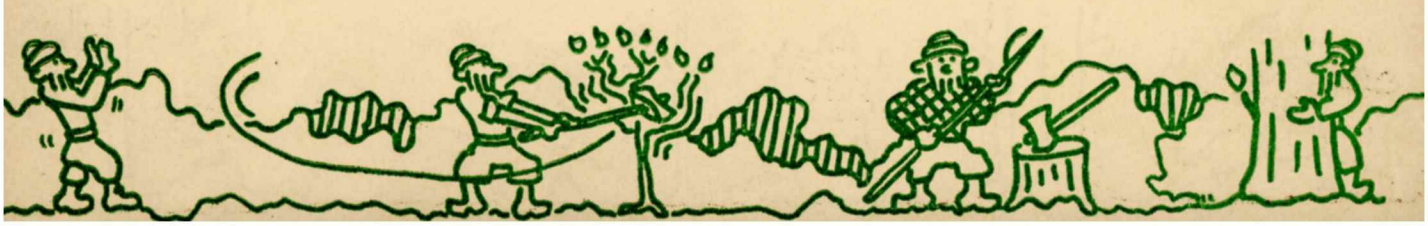
This year Wisconsin is celebrating the success of its first one hundred years as a state. Because many of Paul's adventures took place in Wisconsin and because we are celebrating our centennial this year, we decided that Paul Bunyan would be a suitable theme for our first issue of the 1948 **Manitou.**

The figures bordering the bottom of the pages represent the characters that lived with Paul in story-book pages. Our color scheme suggests the vivid forest with its bright green leaves and its warm, dark earth. Emphasis was placed on the initial letters of the stories, illustrating again the exaggeration of Paul's tales and ideas. The lettering on the title page recalls the logs which Paul and his lumberjacks so agilely "rolled" down the mountain streams.

MANITOU

ebruary, 1948
incoln High School

Volume XXXIX
Manitowoc, Wisconsin



LYRES'

The Love Tree

By JOAN CERNY '48

FIRST PLACE TALL TALE

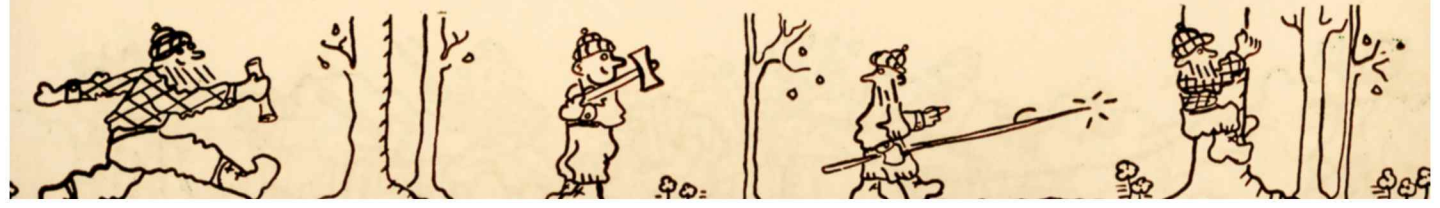
JOE, the janitor, was trying to grow a strange new plant sent from the Philippine Islands. Something was wrong. Every day he watered it, but it remained just a tiny three-inch sprout.

One day a very pretty girl looked at the plant and softly murmured, "You must grow straight and strong and be the biggest plant in the greenhouse."

The little sprout looked into the blue eyes of the campus beauty and fell in love. Progress was noted the next day when the sprout was ten inches high. Each day it grew higher and stronger until it was so big the walls of the greenhouse could no longer hold it. It would not twist, but insisted on going straight, so Joe opened the green house door and let it proceed down the hall. A few days later it reached the window, and Joe opened that too. Everyone watched the plant now. It was as big as a tree and extended almost to the circle in front of the school.

One day Blue Eyes was looking out the fifth floor window. She was trying to find her touchdown hero among the after school crowd. They had had a terrible argument, and he had said he would never speak to her again. Suddenly she saw the top of his head, and as she leaned over the edge, she lost her balance and fell out. The tree dipped over, picked her up, and gracefully swung her to the sidewalk, right in front of her hero. He was so glad she hadn't hurt herself (he hated bloody noses) that he said hello. She smiled, he smiled, and the tree smiled.

That was the end of the Philippine tree. You see, that kind of tree isn't made to grin, and when this one did, it just withered up to green dust. And that, dear reader, is the green cleanser used every week to clean the school floors where the beauty and her hero walk.



CLUB

Who Sud So?

By CAROL AGGEN '48

I GLANCED hastily at the splotchy advertising on the box, noting only the eye-catching phrase, "More suds than **ever** before." Well, we'd soon see about that, and I dumped a generous handful of the gritty granulated soap into our dented dishpan, adding an extra scoop for good measure. You could never tell about these new products, and crumps, I wasn't going to scour fish-greasy pans and potato-dried pots in sudsless water.

Satisfied that there was enough of the sand-colored soap in the dishpan to guarantee at least one bubble, I screwed the faucet handle completely around and let the hot water gush furiously out while I put the gaudy box of soap back on the shelf. It didn't take long, the cupboard was only around the corner, but crumps, any one would've thought I was a frog the way my eyes bulged when I saw that billowy cloud of shiny soap bubbles climbing higher and nearer the ceiling and steadily filling every corner of the room. Crumps! I scrambled madly around the soap-filled kitchen, fumbling wildly with the stubborn faucet until that was closed and finally succeeded in unlocking and opening both windows.

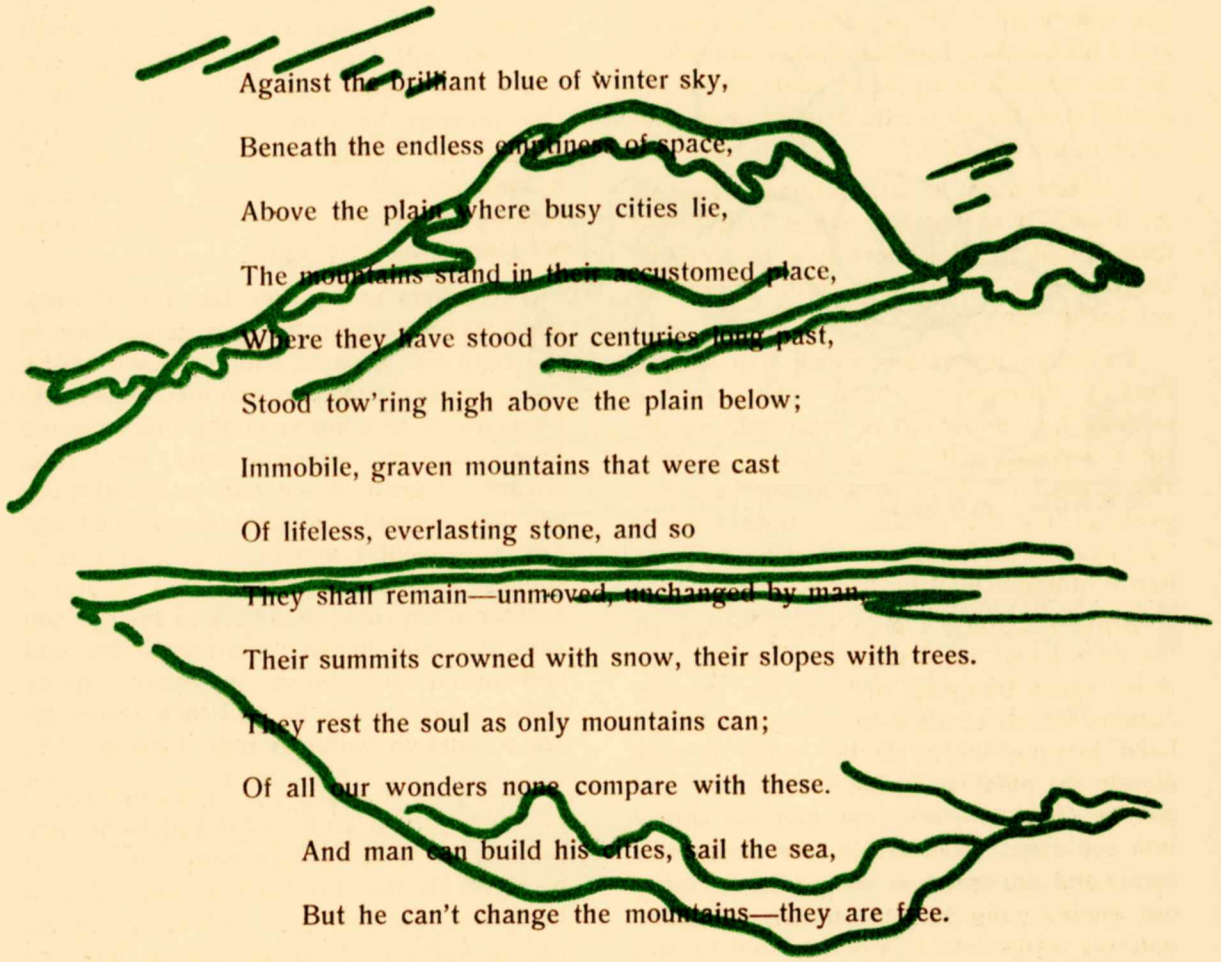
Meanwhile the neighbors, seeing the "smoke" frothing out of the windows, had notified the fire station and were already dashing frantically after pails of water. The fire department, after floundering around in the worst "fog" the city had ever known, finally arrived, and the icy water from the hose soon fizzled and dissolved the soap suds.

The neighbors went back to their cold suppers, the firemen to their game of sheephead, and I went back to my dishes. But crumps, there wasn't much to be done. The soap had washed them thoroughly and the firemen had rinsed them.

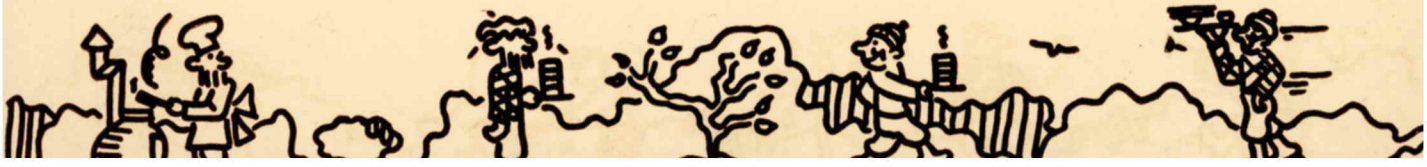
MOUNTAINS

By PHILIP REES '50

FIRST PLACE POETRY



Against the brilliant blue of winter sky,
Beneath the endless emptiness of space,
Above the plain where busy cities lie,
The mountains stand in their accustomed place,
Where they have stood for centuries long past,
Stood tow'ring high above the plain below;
Immobile, graven mountains that were cast
Of lifeless, everlasting stone, and so
They shall remain—unmoved, unchanged by man.
Their summits crowned with snow, their slopes with trees.
They rest the soul as only mountains can;
Of all our wonders none compare with these.
And man can build his cities, sail the sea,
But he can't change the mountains—they are free.



By the light of the bonfire,
she saw his familiar figure.

By JOAN BECKER '48
SECOND PLACE SKETCH

Expectancy

IT WAS almost too late for such an event, but time and season meant very little to one who waited for so important an event, and I hummed as I helped gather driftwood, for the warmth in my heart made up for the lack of it in the still, cold blanket of air that crept in off the lake.

A beach party in late autumn! How all my friends had laughed when I first told them about it. But there was no derisive laughter now. There was rather a hushed, yet joyful expectancy.

A strange reiteration which had started running through my head earlier in the evening had increased in crescendo as the sun disappeared, the gloom settled, and the sky greyed. It became a frantic tune repeating, like the clicking of train wheels, "Tonight he'll be here — tonight he'll be here — tonight he'll be here!"

While I worked I kept remembering all the days I had spent with him, particularly those spent tramping through the colorful autumn woods at his side, making believe I liked hunting when all the while it was merely the pleasure of being with him that put the light into my eyes and the spring into my step. Momentarily the effect was increasing as darkness closed in, blotting out familiar objects and leaving me alone with my memories. It was then that I could see him more clearly as I remembered those wintry nights when we had sat on the davenport, my head on his shoulder, saying nothing and listening to the wailing of the wintry wind.

The warmth of an Indian summer day had rapidly surrendered to the reality of the season, and winter was predicting itself with the chill fingers of an impending frost. Yet I was warmed by the thrill that in a few minutes he would be here, his arm around me, telling me how much he had missed me, and in his boyish, bashful way making promises he never could keep about not leaving me ever again.

The others had started the fire. Periodically its long hungry tongues darted high in the crisp air. A sudden light flashed across the scene like a beacon, and instantaneously I was aware of a motor racing suddenly and then coughing spasmodically into final silence. It must be—it had to be HIM. A car door opened, and someone stepped out. For a moment I wasn't sure, and then a sudden tongue of flame curled 'round a section of dry, shredded bark in the fire and shot skyward, lighting the scene. He was still too far away for me to be sure. As he stood adjusting his tie and then lifting his hat to smooth back his hair, I knew.

"It is you—it is you—," I cried running to his outstretched arms, for it had to be him. Nobody could have been more sure, for as he lifted his hat, the firelight had reflected from that cute bald spot well above his receding hairline. Here he was at last, my DAD back from a long business trip in time for our traditional fall wiener roast. And the family, there around the fire, came pounding up the trail behind me as I, his very own ten year old daughter, flew into his arms.

After spring comes . . . .

Summer

MANY urges, having lain dormant for long winter months, waken in the spring and inspire each individual to greater or lesser deeds: with the dreamer there is the urge to write poetry, with the artist the want to create greater beauty, with the student the urge to go to sleep. In our family another urge is predominant; although it affects chiefly my mother, it later becomes almost general, planting a garden!

There may be snow on the ground. The thermometer may register below ten degrees, but rest your souls, spring is coming when Mom begins to soak seeds and gather all the cheese boxes, cardboard containers, and wooden trays we have in the house to plant the seeds in. Watching the little seeds sprout, then grow, makes one even more conscious of how cold it is outside. Mom is constantly worried over whether the frost will be out of the ground before the little seedlings outgrow the boxes.

After a winter drought of fresh vegetables every one in the family has his own mental picture of a favorite food, garden fresh. How forgetful we are then, while thinking of tasty delicacies, of the work connected with the garden in previous years.

To accomodate the uneducated, I shall give a few helpful pointers in the art of raising a successful garden, to be followed as the garden and season progress.

First on the outdoor planting schedule is the making of the hot bed, birthplace of hundreds of tiny seedlings, later to be planted in the great outdoors. Oh, yes! We must not forget to take the ground out and put in fresh horse ah-er-you-know-what to provide inner warmth for our incubator of baby plants.

Now is the time to plant early vegetables and transplant new beds of strawberries, a nice achievement in future planning. We want the seeds to catch the warmth of the April sun, if there is any. Our fingers are so numb from the cold, maybe we should put overcoats on the seeds as a precautionary action. Pick out the coldest spring day you can find for transplanting strawberries. Then you'll enjoy the heat on the days you pick them. Don't be despairing if a few wither and die; it is less work in the long run. When your early vegetables are in the bosom of Mother Earth—radishes, lettuce, and onions—pray for nice weather. Don't forget to decipher the planting directions. Three inches is too deep for most things.

Ah! the joy experienced when we see the first little yellow sprout shiver its way to the top and peek at old man Sol. Aside from eating the fruit of his labors, measuring the progress of his little proteges is the gardener's most satisfying reward. "See those peas. I planted them, and they're almost all up already," is a common statement of a proud gardener.

Whoa! We must plant those potatoes. Let's get busy cutting them. Be sure to leave

By WILLIAM FRANSWICK '48
SECOND PLACE ESSAY

MADNESS

a little eye in each piece you cut, otherwise they won't be able to see their way through, and will never come up. Are you done? Now prepare your fertilizer, tools, spuds, and ground in advance. Then dig the holes, about four inches deep, with whatever tool available that suits you best, preferably a shovel or maybe a plow. Please don't use your big toenail, since the ground is still quite cold and nothing is so useless as a pneumonia-ridden gardener at planting time. If your spuds drown out any time after the planting, complain to Mr. Jolson. He says it isn't raining. When they're grown, for pity's sake don't feel sorry for the bugs. Spray them as often as you think necessary. With me that isn't very often, I assure you.

Let's clear up the odds and ends before summer planting starts. Clean the weeds out of the raspberries and the strawberries. Spray those scrawny little things that will some day be apple trees; water the hot bed. Don't forget to prepare your other spaces for planting. You aren't through yet. Look at the onions while you're at it too.

When we're ready we'll transplant the tomatoes and the cabbage. This will also be a nice time to plan spring picnics and hikes. Have them on the days following the transplanting, for sure as a skunk has a black and white tail, we're going to have our first spring drought on those days. Separate the spindly plants from the sturdy-looking ones. Then plant the spindly ones, since they're the only kind that make anything out of themselves.

Are you keeping up with your weeding? That green stuff in front isn't asparagus. Don't pull those out; they're carrots, not weeds.

Brother! Doesn't that first strawberry taste good? Better buy liniment; the season's just begun. You aren't turning communistic if you see red for the next few weeks. Your face may turn a good Irish green if you eat too many of them. If you're smart you'll hide in bed when someone starts canning them, to rest your broken back.

Summer should be at its prime now. The real work is beginning: spray and hoe the spuds, pick the berries, pick the beans, weed the corn, can the peas, clean the weeds from the new strawberry patch, and water the flower bed.

If you have any moments of idleness in the meantime, I'm quite sure the chief cook and bottle-washer would enjoy a little help with the canning. However, your broken back, remember.

I believe I can rest assured your stomach will help you with the rest of the harvesting. My! how good that will taste in winter! Happy eating, everybody!

On the side, I agree with Charles Dudley Warner. "Blessed be agriculture! If one does not have too much of it." My best helpful hint of all, dream of a big garden, but plant a little one. Lots of success.

The Glaring Light

By PATRICIA PIERNER '49

SECOND PLACE SHORT STORY (TIE)

THE light glares brightly. It blinds you for a moment. The light is coming from a crack in the wall, as though the sun were there looking at you.

You turn away and your eyes become accustomed to the darkness again.

Where are you? How long have you been here? What are you doing here? You try to answer them, but your mind is a blank. Slowly, very slowly, you begin to remember things—

The dock—the boat—the water whirling its dark, murky, pools before you, as if to tempt you. For some reason this scene is foremost in your mind. The water. The water. The water staring up at you on the dock. Then, that ship, or was it a ship? It was there in front of you, yet it seemed miles and miles away.

Again your eyes are blinded by the glare of the light. You move closer, but the more you walk toward the light the farther away it seems. Are you walking? Can you be sure?

Think again—

You sit down and words begin to ring in your head:

"What ya doin', mister?"

"Hey, mister, stop!"

"Gee, he jumped! We better call a cop!"

Call a cop — call a cop. Why do these words echo and reecho in your head?

He's up again—there he goes—where's the dragnet? Get goin', boys. My wife's waitin' supper! Oh, hi, Doc, guess we won't need you. This fella's goin' ta the morgue."

Again you're in dreary darkness except for that glaring light.

These words have stopped, but others begin to form.

"Your name—I see—I have to look up your record — Well — it could be worse — could be better, too. Take this slip and go to the next office. They might find a place for you, though I don't think you'll be with us very long."

"Who was that guy?" you think. "Where does he get off tellin' me my record ain't so good? He ain't St. Peter."

How do you know? Maybe he is.

The words stay in your mind. This time you really think hard. But nothing comes to you but more words.

"Cover him nice, boys, so's the nurses will take good care of him." That's the cop's voice again.

"Emergency—Emergency—"

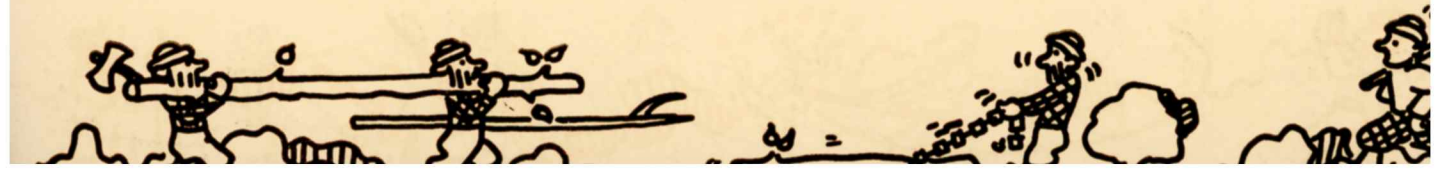
Words and more words—words without meaning—words that you've heard but cannot connect with anything else.

Think back—remember the glaring light, the voices—all different—but all a part of you. The light—connect something with the light, voices maybe—

Yea, voices, one of 'em says, "Easy there."

That voice is soft, like a pretty girl's, but then there's another one, cynical and harsh, "He's just another bum, charity case again. Wonder why they don't work for a livin' instead of living off charity."

She's mean, you think, but really she's right, you know. You are a bum, living off hand-outs, sleeping in flop-houses. You can't expect pity all your life, now can you?



Think some more — think — any more voices?

Yea, one more. This guy has a nice voice, understandin' kind of a guy. He sticks up for you, "He's probably some poor fellow that can't find a job, a veteran maybe—or any one. Perhaps he's some one like us."

You think back now. Everything is clear. You remember!

You were on the sidewalk, just turning the corner. You heard a woman scream. Then you saw why she had screamed. A car! A large car, coming fast. You tried to run, but your legs didn't seem to hear you. Then the sickening crash—. You felt a sharp pain, where it was you couldn't tell. You just hurt all over. The policeman was asking you if you're all right. "Sure", you said, and walked away. You weren't all right, you knew that. What made you say "Sure"? You kept on walking. You felt better when you were walking, but the pain remained. Then you saw the docks — the boats — the water. You couldn't judge distance any longer. You felt dizzy. The water was so tempting and in you went, not even bothering to struggle.

Then, darkness, but you heard those voices—and the guy with the record book, your not-too-good record and—wait, who was that guy? You never went into the next office, did you? He said you wouldn't be staying long, so let it go at that. But just for the record, you know that was St. Peter's office. Now the glaring light and those three voices, the soft, gentle one, the harsh, cynical one, and the understanding one.

They're getting nearer. That light is getting nearer, too.

Open your eyes now. It's all right. That understanding voice is talking now.

"It's all right, son. You'll be fine—good as new when we're through. We didn't know if you'd pull through. You were on the border of life and death."

The Unforgotten

By DONALD JAEGER '48

†

The war is over, and we pass
To pleasure after pain,
Except those few, who'll never see
Their native land again.

†

To these brave men, my thoughts still go,
The heroes of their time,
For they are the ones, who fought for you,
And died to save mankind.

†

And as they lie beneath their cross,
In those lands so far away,
We will solemnly pay tribute to those,
Who died a hero's way.

†

Time will go marching on,
And spirits will grow anew,
But they will live forever,
In the hearts of those they knew.

GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE

FIRST PLACE EDITORIAL **By CAROL HOLT '49**

"IT'S ALWAYS the same people who get in everything!" "He never attends the meetings—" "Why don't we do something new for a change?" These complaints and many others can be heard in or around school.

After elections you grumble that incompetent officers were elected. When the usual class dances come up, the big gripe is, "We did that last year."

If an investigation were made, it might be found that the very one who grumbled didn't find time to vote. You have only yourselves to blame if some one you didn't want to get an office gets one.

Even the best student council body runs out of ideas at times. If you have loads of brilliant ideas flashing through your cranium, why keep them to yourself? Suggest the ideas to your student council representative. Above all, make sure that he attends meetings regularly and keeps your homeroom well posted on council activities. That's what he's elected to do.

That talk about school activities being run by a favored few is pure bunk. The "favored few" are probably the only ones who have shown that they have the ability and ambition to work on committees and in other responsible organizations.

Maybe you can't be elected a class officer, but find someone who has the same ideas that you have. Then not only vote for him yourself but talk other people into voting for him. Set your soapbox up before a hall bulletin board and tell everyone about his sterling qualities.

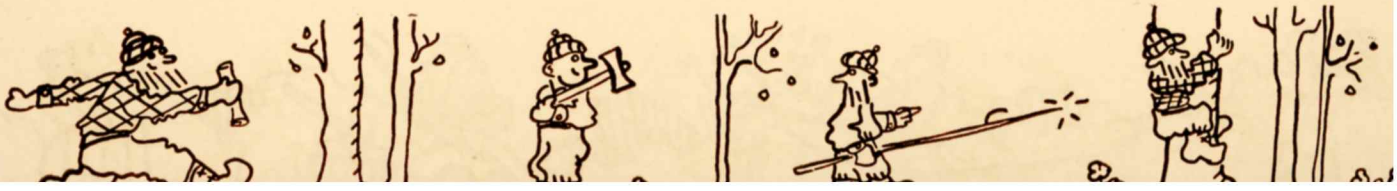
You, too, have a voice in the school government. Don't waste it by grumbling about the way things have developed. Speak up; use your opportunity to make our high school life better and more fun in the future.

Summer

By GEORGE SPOENTGEN '48

There's somethin' about a summer day
That makes me kinda feel
Like headin' toward the nearest stream
With just my rod and reel.

For lyin' beneath a shady tree,
Far from the city grind,
I gain a peace and happiness
That soothes my troubled mind.



I'm met at the door by the landlady, who with a glint in her eye, demands the rent. I tries to explain that I'm in love and used the dough to buy Gert's engagement ring, but I guess the old goat's got no romance in her soul because she says, "My rent or it's the curb for you tonight," and slams the door in my face.

I'm real sick for a minute, but then I comes up with the brightest idea since Edison invented the electric light. I runs back to Main Street, carefully walks around the ladder, runs back to the house, opens the door and looks the landlady straight in the eye.

And nothing happens! All the landlady does is say, "I suppose you've come for your clothes. Well, you won't get them till I get my rent."

I uses the park instead of the curb for a room that night, but I can't sleep. All night I wonders, "Is it really bad luck to walk under a ladder or did the landlady kick me out because I didn't pay my rent?"

I tell you, the problem's got me going around in circles.

The old sailor looked tenderly at the replica of the stately clipper.

FIRST PLACE SKETCH

By KENNETH MEYER '49

Octogenarian

HE WAS a seafaring man. This was evidenced not only by his attire, but also by the distinctive bearing which marks a man of the sea. In his walk there was the unmistakable roll of a man who has spent many years of his life on nothing more stable than the rising and falling deck of a sailing ship. But his manner now was halting and slow. The hair showing beneath the officer's cap was very white, and a closer look would have revealed deep wrinkles and creases of age in addition to the lines caused by wind and salt spray.

Under his arm he carefully carried an unfinished ship model. In his other hand he held a beautiful ivory-handled jack-knife, worn by long use, but evidently well cared for at all times. He turned, as if by habit, at an unused wharf and walked out on it. The screech of a chain as an anchor was lowered drew his attention to a grimy rust-covered tramp ship which was filling the harbor with dirty black smoke. Shaking his head lugubriously, the venerable son of the sea sat down on a bollard near the end of the wharf. Then he opened his knife and began painstakingly to carve the model. As bit after infinitesimal bit was removed, the model began to take on the sleek lines of that queen of the seas, the clipper ship.

After finishing, the old sailor looked tenderly, almost worshipfully, at the proud replica of the stately clipper. Looking up from his handiwork, he saw the harbor with its seagulls circling over it, and beyond that the sea, stretching out to meet the sky. He stared pensively into space until a sharp blast from the whistle of the tramp ship broke into his thoughts. His revery shattered, the aged sailor got up, closed his knife, lovingly tucked the model under his arm, and started off.

Dear Mom

MAYBE you won't believe what I'm going to tell you, but if you've noticed a difference in me this year, and you must have, it's because of a little lesson taught to me by none other than my roommate, Jim! James Terrence Turner, new boy from the South, self-confessed hardest Joe ever to invade St. John's.

The very first day Jim got under my skin. I was unpacking. Gee, to tell the truth, I was homesick, but I wouldn't have admitted it to him. I pulled your photograph out of my suitcase, took a quick look at it, and slipped it back. When I looked up I saw Jim watching me. I felt my own face redden.

He didn't call me a mama's boy. But what he did say made me see red.

"So you brought your mother's picture along. Bet you're going to keep it mighty handy right in that suitcase where you can sneak a peek at it real often."

That made me mad; I stuck my jaw out and glared at him. I opened the suitcase, grabbed your picture, and set it right in the center of my dresser.

I looked at him, ready for his next remark, but he was gazing out the window whistling.

"You might pay your own mother the honor of bringing her picture," I said as I hurried out.

Jim didn't make many more cracks about your picture. Some of the fellows came in and gave it the old gobbler's eye.

"Homesick, Bill?" Spike Barkin asked me.

Jim put in his two cents' worth, "Bet you've got one hidden in your luggage to peek at when you're lonesome."

I saw Spike's face redden. "Guess you're right. A dresser's the place for a mother's picture."

I glanced at Jim; he was grinning, showing us all up as softies.

Don't think I'd drawn a complete lemon as a roommate. I decided there was no sentiment in Jim, nothing but ambition. He was the most ambitious guy I'd known. Marks? Always after marks! It was queer, too, because a little rumor had gone around to the effect that he'd been no crack student up to now.

He was a good football and basketball player, and captained the hockey team. He was all ambition.

But then, he'd help a guy too. I mean he'd give you the shirt off his back. He'd share everything, with one exception. He had a jacket he never wore. It was two-tone, checks and plain, in blue and tan — my colors. It was a good sports number. But he'd hit the ceiling when I'd ask to wear it, and the answer would always remain the same, "No!" It was the only thing he had that he didn't share with me.

And then when my birthday came and I got the cake from you with "Happy Birthday—William Dear!" on it, I thought he'd say something. But to my surprise he didn't.

Then a week later I asked Jim to go to the movie with me. He turned and looked at me.

FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY

By BETTY HOLZSCHUH '48

Love, Bill

"Really, I thought 'William Dear' would be staying in writing a flowery letter to his mother to thank her for the birthday box."

Right there I decided not to go, and to get even with him I started a letter to you. Every time I finished a page I'd glare at him and start another. Seven pages, Mom. Remember?

Well, Jim wrote his mother, when the contest came up. It was an assignment. And every boy in English Two was to write his mom a Mother's Day letter; the letters were to be entered in a contest. And a good fountain pen was to be first prize. I worked hard on my letter. I hadn't realized how hard it would be to try to put my feelings about you into a letter.

I turned my letter in. And Saturday, cleaning up, I made a discovery. Jim's letter was still on his desk! And, Mom, I read it. It was beautiful; I knew I couldn't compete with it.

That day I asked him if he had finished his letter. He said he had, but he wasn't handing it in. So next day I did. For you see, Mom, he'd have lost his mark if I hadn't. And it was very beautiful.

We had to hold the Mother's Day program on Friday, for that weekend we had recess. There were speeches and songs. Then Jim's letter was read. I wish I could quote the letter, Mom.

It started something like this: "This is the first time I've ever tried to tell you what you mean to me, Mother. I guess I never realized until this year how much you do mean to me."

After that he seemed to tell everything: "I tried to amount to something in school—to do my best—I wish I'd tried before—and I'm thanking you now for all the things you've done for me that I never thanked you for. Like the two-tone jacket. I wasn't very grateful when you made it for me, I thought it had the loving fingers' look. And it has, Mom, and I'm glad! I'll keep it always. I haven't any photograph to show the fellows, but I have pictures of you—you in church, you bringing dinner to the table on Thanksgiving—oh, I have a hundred of those pictures, mental pictures. The queer part is, I never realized I was collecting them, but I'll keep them always."

The letter ended like this. "I only wish I'd told you before, Mom, I hope you believe me; I've loved you all the time."

Gee, Mom, I cried. So did Spike and Mike. They all cried because the letter made them think of their own mothers.

Then Jim went up to receive the prize. And then when he turned around and started to his seat I saw Jim for the first time. That was when I understood.

I saw then what Jim had been trying to teach me when he ribbed me into putting your photo on the dresser. I saw why he had made me write those letters. And why he had been able to write the best letter, 'cause he felt the most for his mother.

And then I noticed his buttonhole; the carnation in Jim's buttonhole was white!

Meatless Tuesday

By MARILYN HOLDORF '50 **SECOND PLACE TALL TALE**

There lived about that time a king named Meat Ball who ate nothing but lard, salt, pepper, and parsley. His soldiers were called Steaks.

Meat Ball had two sons who were twins, Veal and Beef. Veal and Beef looked so much alike that one could hardly tell them apart.

There also lived about that time a witch called Human.

One day Human disguised herself as a very beautiful princess called Lamb Chops. Night and day she planned how she would be able to lure the twins away from the Ham Castle. Finally she thought of something and this was her plannnnn . . .

Said Veal to Beef, "What is that strange noise?"

"I don't know," said Beef. "I will go and investigate."

"Wait for me," said Veal.

So together they went out to the garden. When they got there they saw this beautiful princess sitting by the well crying.

"What is the matter?" said Veal and Beef together.

"Oh, my father, King Liver, is at home getting stale. Please help me."

"Lead the way," said Beef.

So she led the way until they came to a quaint cottage, and Lamb Chops walked in, inviting them in after her. When Veal and Beef were inside the cottage they looked around. They saw no King Liver, but all the signs of a witch's cabin. They tried to escape while she wasn't looking, but she only laughed at them.

Veal burst out, "We might have known that you had something brewing in that pressure cooker, Witch Human."

But the witch only laughed. She picked up Veal and Beef and wrapped them in wax paper. She put them in the freezer until she was ready for them. After she had everything in the pressure cooker, she took out the twins and rolled them in flour. Placing them in the cooker, she seasoned them. Human waited for an hour.

"Now they should be done," said she. She took off the cover and placed Veal and Beef in front of her on a platter.

Just as she was going to eat them, Veal and Beef cried out together, "Meatless Tuesday!" With the words out they jumped off the plate and ran home as fast as they could.

When they got home, they found their father waiting for them with two beautiful princesses called Sirloin and Venison. The twins were so happy that they went for Pastor Mutton immediately. After they said their "I do's," they went home and lived happy forever after in Gravy Castle.

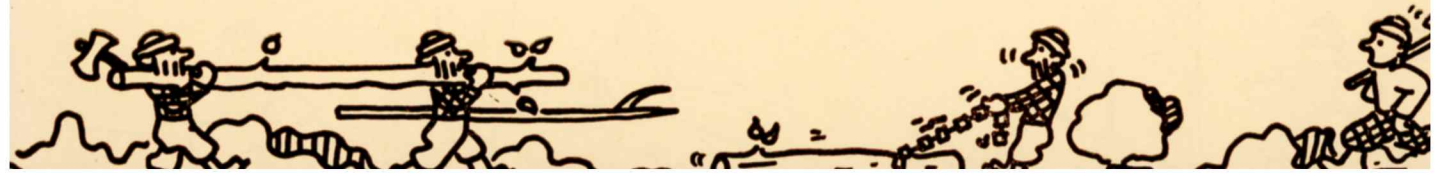
Earth's Wonders

By HELENE MEYER '48

I wish I knew
The reason why
The sky is blue
Or how birds fly.

The chemists say
They can't explain
A simple way
To make it rain.

But God's Own love
Has made it so;
From Him above
Comes pow'r to grow.



H'M, GOOD

By DAVID BALDWIN '49

FIRST PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY

WHAT! A MOUSE!

By MARSHALL BOYD '49

SECOND PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY

Hello, Sparky

By SHIRLEY DREWS '48

SECOND PLACE SHORT STORY (TIE)

TODAY it's been six months. Remember when I first got you? The ad said, "Fox terriers—inquire after seven". I persuaded Daddy to drive up, "just to **look**." The man who answered the door was very pleasant. He still held the newspaper and had a booming voice. He showed us into the kitchen where his Topsy had her litter sprawled in an orange crate. The three squirming, fuzzy balls were contentedly chewing an old jacket, and I squealed with delight as I watched them.

Daddy and the man stood discussing your family breeding and then went on to talk about the new cars. I was fascinated by each cuddly pup and kept sighing rapturously, "Aren't they cute?"

Daddy grunted "Yeah", and from the tone of his voice I knew I'd get one, even though Mother warned us not to dare set foot in the house with a dog.

I had decided on the coal-black one when you appeared. You crawled out of the jacket sleeve, grinned merrily, and seemed to say, "Ha! Put one over on you." Your tail was cut, and you kept trying to bite it, twisting yourself so you'd fall in a squirming heap. You grunted sweet puppy sounds and from then on you were mine.

The man said we could get you Friday. I reached my hand down to pat you, and you nibbled my ring.

The minute we got home I raced into the house shouting, "Mom, he was so cute, you'll love him, and I'll housebreak him, honest, and always see he has water and feed him—Mom, he's so sweet!"

Dad came in grinning sheepishly, and Mother gave him that superior look and murmured, "Thought so", and continued her mending. But I knew she was glad.

Friday was class play and the man delivered you just before I left. You were whimpering and frightened, and I hated to go. Mother said, "Run on—I'll handle him." I skipped off. Everything was O.K.

When I got home early, Mother said you hadn't eaten and had cried all night; that you were my problem now. You looked at me pathetically and I dipped my fingers in the warm milk, coaxing you to lick them. You kept whining, and I felt so bad 'cause I knew you were lonesome. I wrapped you in a woolen scarf and slept in the big chair, cuddling you.

Mother was angry in the morning and said you just upset the whole household. I begged for one more chance and was so thankful when you slowly lapped some milk.

Within a week you were used to us and waddled importantly all over the house. You decided on my stadium boot as a bed. Also, you chewed rug fringes.

You learned to avoid the kitchen when some one was sweeping, and would howl loudly when the telephone rang.

My brother, Don, came home on furlough a month later, and he loved you immediately. You met him at the door with your threatening "bark", a half squeal, half growl. Don laughed and scooped you up saying, "What have we here?"

You both got along famously, and you'd constantly stream after him. Don commented, "Just like a spark plug," and so you were called Sparky.

The months flew by and you were slowly growing and learning. You were spanked daily for chewing things. I was in school most of the time, and every day Mom would have a bad report of you. You always look-

ed at me so helplessly, and I'd pick you up and giggle softly in your ear.

At Christmas time you got a water and food bowl set from me which you were afraid of and a harness from Mother which you tried to wriggle out of.

When spring came I'd take you across the railroad tracks to the field, and we'd race together in the wind, you nipping at my heels, me laughing till I fell to the soft earth. Then you'd cover me with sloppy kisses and bite my hair.

On perfect nights we'd walk down to the pond, and I'd sit quietly, afraid to breathe for fear I'd disturb the beauty, you taking delight in scaring the frogs.

You were so understanding. At nights when I'd come home a bit after deadline, you'd greet me at the door quietly, wagging your stubby tail. I never was afraid you'd bark and give me away.

The men at work across the street grew to love you too. Whenever I'd walk by they'd howl, "Hey, Annie, your mutt's eaten the crusts we left for the birds." But they'd play with you and save you cookie crumbs and apple bits. They'd always threaten that they were going to use you for rat bait. You loved Jack and Bill, too.

I'll always remember the time you got your foot caught in a mouse trap. You weren't hurt, but I cried for hours.

During the summer I was with you constantly. You were mite-sized, and started shedding hair. The whole family was attached to you, and even relented to let you sleep at the foot of my bed.

I was proud when I taught you to bring in the paper. At first you just stood there, looking dumb; but gradually you caught on, and would drag it in with great zeal, ripping it through to the sports page.

I'll never forget the time you chewed my best blouse. I discovered it first and was cold with fear for you. You stood guiltily, then crawled under the bed whining. I knew Mother would say, "That's enough!" Quickly I figured a plan. I grabbed your shaking body and carried you into the garage, putting you behind a barricade of bushel baskets. Then I went storming into the house shouting, "Look what that darned dog did to my blouse."

Mom said, "That's enough!" I angrily chimed in yelling your name. I kept calling, then worriedly asked where you were.

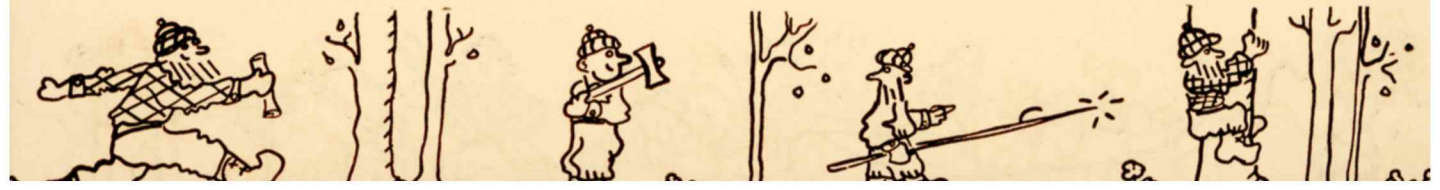
Mother replied, "I don't know—but wait'll we find him." After an hour I began to cry, and Mom comforted me. Finally Daddy came in carrying you tenderly, saying he found you huddled in the garage. We hovered around you, and Mother heated some milk while I petted you, half-crying, half-laughing.

During the summer nights we'd tramp for hours down lonely unused roads. I never was afraid. I'd contentedly watch you chase glow bugs as I looked at God's masterpiece of beauty, loving deeply.

Mother began to scold me that I was with you too much. Even Jack said, "Annie, you mustn't love Sparky so very much. You'll be too hard hit when he dies." But I'd laugh and playfully pull your ears, saying we'd never die till we were both very ancient. Jack would sigh and laugh, "You must be right."

Labor Day weekend we went to Minnesota and left you at the neighbors. When we came back Mrs. Rolf said you didn't touch a bite and whined incessantly. You were so happy to see us that you howled for hours.

In the fall when I went back to school you'd stand on the front lawn, quivering until you heard Jack shout, "There she is." Then you'd come leaping into my arms; a furry dynamo. My books would drop, but I'd pick you up as you wiggled ecstatically.



Then we'd run up to the porch, and I'd take your stick, and you'd grab the other end growling furiously, your head and front paws on the ground, your small rump and stubby tail wriggling in the air, your eyes sparkling. I'd let go and you'd triumphantly drag it under the porch.

Whenever I had a sob session I'd go into my bedroom and cry unashamedly. You'd lie in my arms, solemnly watching, lapping my wet cheeks. Then you'd cry, and it was so like a moan that I'd laugh, and you'd joyfully yip and jump all over me.

When the first snow fell we sat outside breathlessly admiring the crystal beauty and the midnight above. You silently observed my wondering mood. The next day we played in the snow. I threw fistfuls of the flaky, crunchy stuff at you, and you sniffed and looked very martyred.

During clear cold nights we'd run in the field—me with no coat. I loved the tingly feeling I got from the snapping wind, and we'd run till my lungs hurt and you shivered helplessly.

Spring came again. I had waited so long for the warmth and promise. You waited on the lawn for me again. I could see you, a vibrant white and black mass on the young green. Jack and Bill would watch and say, "There she is," and the ritual would be repeated.

We'd walk again, and I'd plan for the summer when I'd take you to the lake. I impatiently waited to feel the power of the waves and hear the roar of its massive voice. We'd be together from morning to night.

Six months ago was the sophomore class dance. I was terribly excited and went down town after school to get a dress. It was six when I came home, so happy I ached inside. The sky was a scarlet vision and I skipped down the hill. I didn't look for you, but I waved to Jack and Bill shouting, "Hi, guys!" They smiled, rather falsely. I slyly said, "Wife tell you off?" They laughed half-heartedly.

An electric current shot through me. I felt nauseated. "What's wrong?" I questioned.

Jack grinned, "Heavy date tonight?"

I was frantic. "Oh, what's wrong?" I screamed, half hysterical.

Bill stared at me, coughed, and turned away. Jack slowly drew figures on the dusty window sill.

I didn't turn around to look for you. I didn't need to. My head throbbed and I said clearly, unemotionally, "He's dead." I stood there, breathing heavily, then bitterly answered, "Yes."

I ran home, twisting my ankle on the track, half fell up the steps. Mother was crying and mending. "He's dead," I muttered.

"Go eat, dear," she sighed. "It was a truck."

"O.K." I said slowly. I ate, bathed, and dressed. There were no tears, only a horrid emptiness. I giggled as I wondered what we'd do with the half box of dog food.

I didn't cry, Sparky. I didn't see Jack or Bill for almost a month. When I talked to them again we always talked about old subjects, never you. I hated mentioning you, for I knew they missed you.

Summer's gone; it's now fall. The world about me is slowly dying, there is a great loneliness everywhere. The wind mourns as I sit here. I'm crying now.

Why did you go? I'm alone, Sparky, you're gone. Doesn't God know I want you?

I'm going to the field now. I'm going to sob my loneliness and scream your name. I'm going to run until my legs ache, my throat throbs, and my lungs pain; till I'm so weary that no more tears can come; till I feel you behind me again.

EAGER BEAVERS

EDITORIAL

First Place: **Grumble, Grumble** ..... Carol Holt, '49

Second Place: **Attitude Toward the United Nations** ..... William Nickles, '49

Honorable Mention:
Donald Stephenson, '48
Barbara Hamilton, '49
Gretchen Hoyer, '48
Marilyn Welk, '48
Rita Andrew, '48
William Franswick, '48
Joan Gennrich, '49
Karen Ristad, '49
Audrey Alter, '49
Mary Hooper, '49
Anna Kaboth, '49
Dale Knickelbine, '48
Cecilia Peaschek, '49
Betty Worthington, '49

ESSAY

First Place: **Families Are Fun** ..... Judith Kuechmann, '48

Second Place: **Summer Madness** ..... William Franswick, '48

Honorable Mention:
Carol Aggen, '48
Gerald Salinsky, '48
Edwin Karn, '48
Marshall Gotchy, '48
Donald Stephenson, '48
Kathleen Busse, '48
Dorothy Holly, '49
Patricia Hopper, '49
Joanne Berg, '48
Joan Cerny, '48
Phyllis Creager, '48
Doris Herbst, '48
Kathryn Chizek, '49
Kathleen Magill, '48

INTERVIEW

First Place: **Maine Survivor** ..... John Pelishek, '48

Second Place: **Mrs. Mother** ..... Shirley Drews, '48

Honorable Mention:
Joan Gennrich, '49
Carol Aggen, '48
Phyllis Creager, '48
Kathleen Busse, '48
Gerald Wotja, '48
Nadine Brown, '49
Marilyn Ploederl, '48
Louise Siebenborn, '48
Joan Cerny, '48
Mary Ellen Gallagher, '48
Marlene Spinker, '49

PHOTOGRAPHY

First Place: **H'm, Good** ..... David Baldwin, '49

Second Place: **What! A Mouse** ..... Marshall Boyd, '49

Honorable Mention: Lloyd Olson, '49

POETRY

First Place: **The Mountains** ..... Philip Rees, '50

Second Place: **The Foghorn** ..... Patricia Hopper, '49

Honorable Mention:
Betty Weber, '50
Constance Johnsrud, '50
Patricia Hall, '49
George Spoentgen, '48
Lois Panosh, '49
Mary Singer, '50
Shirley Drews, '48
Joan Becker, '48
Donald Jaeger, '48

Honorable mentions are listed in the order of their rank.

BLAZE THE TRAIL

SKETCH

First Place: **Octogenarian** ..... Kenneth Meyer, '49

Second Place: **Expectancy** ..... Joan Becker, '48

Honorable Mention:
Gretchen Hoyer, '48
Shirley Drews, '48
Victoria Kohlmeier, '48
Betty Weber, '50
Carol Aggen, '48
Alice Mae Rhode, '48
Dean Vollendorf, '48
Patricia Hopper, '49
Kathleen Ruchhoeft, '49
Joan Cerny, '48
Mary Hooper, '49
George Spoentgen, '48
Mary Reitmeyer, '50
Donald Stephenson, '48
William Seidl, '50
Marlene Spinker, '49
David Tess, '48
Marshall Gotchy, '48
Kathleen Magill, '48

SHORT STORY

First Place: **Dear Mom** ..... Betty Holzschuh, '48

Second Place: **The Glaring Light** ..... Patricia Pierner, '49

(three tied) **Hello, Sparky** ..... Shirley Drews, '48

"Wait, Faye, Wait and See" ..... Shirley Drews, '48

Honorable Mention:
Carol Aggen, '48
Kathleen Busse, '48
Joan Cerny, '48
Lois Panosh, '49
Patricia Hopper, '49
Mary Reitmeyer, '50
Shirley Duenkel, '48
Edward Coffin, '48

TALL TALE

First Place: **The Love Tree** ..... Joan Cerny, '48

Second Place: **Meatless Tuesday** ..... Marilyn Holdorf, '50

Honorable Mention:
Carol Aggen, '48
George Spoentgen, '48
Edward Busse, '49
Gretchen Hoyer, '48
James Ploss, '49
Janet Kaufman, '49
Nadine Brown, '49
Patricia Hall, '49
Betty Gates, '49
Sonia Horovitz, '50
Jean Boeder, '50
John Pelishek, '48
James Spindler, '50
William Franswick, '48
Dolores Rohan, '50

COMMITTEE OF JUDGES

James G. Magill, Chairman

Clara Amundson
Lucille Gaedke
Madge Magill
Noble Anderson
Marian Kelley
Cleeta Pultz
Edwin Erickson
Barbara Kinney
Janet Strathearn

John M. V. Stevenson, Statistician

Members of the Manitou staff are not eligible for prizes.

MAINE SURVIVOR

By JOHN PELISHEK '48

FIRST PLACE INTERVIEW

"IT WAS just after three bells, about 9:40 p.m. I had been in my hammock about twenty minutes, when there was a terrific explosion. The air was filled with smoke, fire, and flying wreckage."

This is the way Mr. George Fox described the explosion that sank the U.S.S. Maine in Havana Harbor on the night of February 15, 1898.

Now a grey haired but spry old gentleman of 69, Mr. Fox is one of the few living survivors of the Maine.

Mr. Fox enlisted in the U. S. Navy on July 10, 1896. He was assigned to the Maine which at that time was in dry dock at the Norfolk Navy yard. His job was to care for the lamp locker which contained the oil lamps carried aboard the ship for emergency use. His sleeping quarters were on the main deck near an ash chute, a location not especially conducive to sleep since his shipmates made considerable noise in carrying refuse to the chute. In order to have more peaceful sleeping quarters, Mr. Fox rigged a make-shift hammock in the lamp locker.

On the night before the explosion, Mr. Fox and his comrades were up very late reading and discussing the mail during the day. Again on the evening of the fifteenth, his mates wished to have another social hour with him in their midst. Mr. Fox was very tired and insisted on going to bed. His friends would not hear of this, but when he insisted they began to throw deck swabs and other missiles at him. In order to escape this bombardment he went to the lamp locker and shut the door.

"This was the only thing that saved me," related Mr. Fox. "If I had been asleep on the main deck at the time of the explosion, I would not be alive today."

After the explosion the next thing Mr. Fox remembered was being picked up in the harbor by a boat from the Spanish cruiser Alphonso III. He was severely wounded around the head and had to be rushed to a Spanish hospital at Havana. Since the United States and Spain were not yet at war, Mr. Fox was transferred to the Marine Hospital at Key West, Florida, where he was confined for about a month.

After leaving the hospital, Mr. Fox was assigned to the battleship Indiana. He was in on the bombardments of San Juan, Porto Rico, on May 12, 1898, and Santiago, Cuba, on July 2. Mr. Fox was honorably discharged on July 1, 1898, after being engaged in some of the most exciting incidents of the Spanish-American War.

"When the Maine was raised thirteen years after the explosion, the plates were found to be caved in, indicating that the

explosion came from outside the ship," stated Mr. Fox.

His most treasured possessions are a gear from the Maine, with the cogs of the gear still filled with the mud from Havana Harbor, a plaque made from metal taken from the Maine, a beautiful gold watch presented to him by the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and his discharge signed by the late T. R. Roosevelt, then Under Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Fox later was in the Lighthouse Service, working in Chicago and Sheboygan. During the First World War, Mr. Fox inspected shells for the U.S. Ordinance department at the Kohler Plant in Sheboygan Falls. During the last war, he worked at the Manitowoc Shipbuilding company on the submarine program.

"Yes," he said, "I've been active in three wars. I just hope I don't have to see another one in my lifetime."

FOGHORN

SECOND PLACE POETRY

By PATRICIA HOPPER '49

The city sleeps, lulled by the horn;
  Its voice dismal, its wail forlorn.
Out on the water far from land,
  Mariners follow its guiding hand.

The mist rolls in, the tide runs out;
  Ships at sea are sailing in doubt,
For the perils of night in the sailor's log
  Are all wrapped up in the one word "fog".

It creeps in silently, blanketing all
  With its vapory billowing cloudlike
    shawl;
And silhouettes familiar in broad daylight
  Are looming monsters in the misty night.

The city sleeps while the foghorn blows,
  But the sailor up in the crow's nest knows
That the measured beat of the foghorn
    hoarse
  Is the light of Him Who charts our course.

Attitude toward U. N.

By WILLIAM NICKLES '49

SECOND PLACE EDITORIAL

WE, citizens of the world, are today faced by a very serious problem, the elimination of war and the preservation of peace, which has many involved and individual aspects. We must organize a world government which will have absolute authority and yet not insult the sovereignty of the individual member nations. We must organize a commission to control atomic energy, which will prevent the uses of atomic power for the purposes of aggression, yet support and encourage the development of atomic energy for commercial purposes. We must establish an educational system which will promote an understanding among the peoples of the member nations and firmly implant an active acknowledgment of the necessity of peace.

We must establish a system of world commerce which will be impartial to all nations and constructive to the development of the less advanced countries without exploitation. We must conceive a method of impartially handling the disputes which arise within a sovereign nation and threaten to divide that nation, offer an opportunity for some anti-world government movement, or result in disastrous combat. We must institute a world tribunal to correct those who violate the world's concepts of morality. The ideals embodied in the foregoing statements are principles upon which the United Nations was designed.

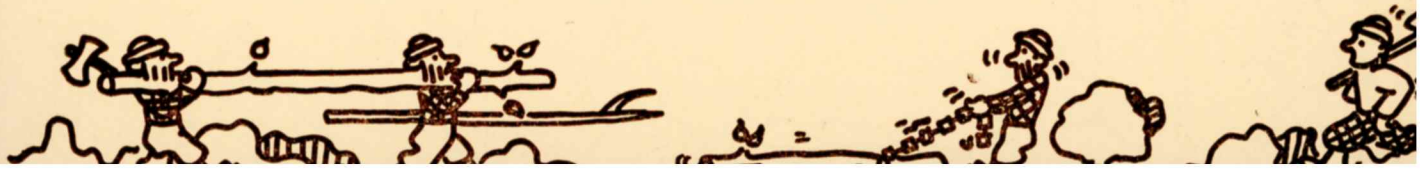
We have fought and won the war, but we are failing to win the peace. The nations which were united during the war to preserve themselves during times of obvious strife have now fallen apart in this time of desperate need for unity and are quarreling among themselves, promoting the very thing against which they were united. They seem to have forgotten the ideals for which they fought and are now using this solemnly ordained organization as a battlefield for their own petty grievances.

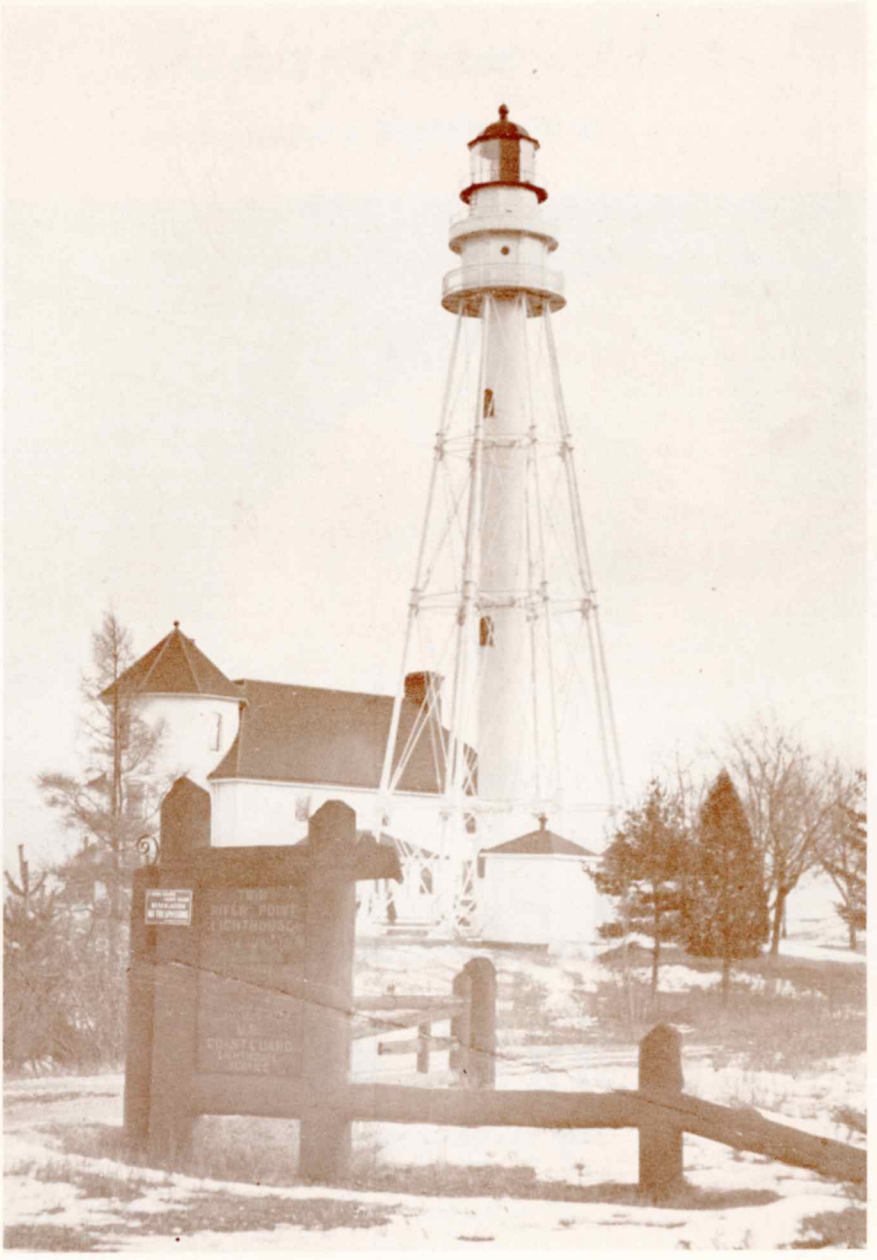
But we have no need to be discouraged, nor do we have the time to be discouraged. Nothing worthwhile has even been achieved without effort. We cooperated so well during the war, laying aside our differences and uniting to the common cause. We must now lay aside our differences and unite to the common cause, eternal peace for all. We must fight hard against our intolerances and misunderstandings, never ceasing until we have conquered ignorance and won the peace. It was stated by the famous Greek philosopher Aristotle: "It is more difficult to organize peace than to win a war; but the fruits of victory will be lost if the peace is not well organized."

sniff

By Edward Busse '49

Chanel No. 5 to you may smell sweet,
Or the scent of a rose may give you a treat;
Aromas of freshly baked pies may unbend
you,
But a whiff of a skunk is sure to send you.





GUARDIAN OF THE SHIPS

By DAVID BALDWIN '49

WHO? ME?

By LLOYD OLSON '49

Papa, Can I?

By DONALD STEPHENSON '48

EVER since I received my driver's license the following scene has become familiar, almost a family tradition.

If possible, I always wait until Dad has eaten. Science says that the blood goes to your stomach after eating, and you can't think as fast. Anyway, he is usually in a better mood then.

I find him in his favorite chair with the evening paper in hand. First I test his temper with a few incidental questions, stressing that "A" I got on my physics test today. But I receive only an occasional yes or no.

Then, sticking out my chest, I take a deep breath and pop the question out of a blue sky.

"Dad, may I use the car tonight?" Silence! Then the paper drops, and with it, my blue sky. Right on my ego.

For a second he smiles, then leans forward. A kind look spreads over his face.

"So you would like the car tonight," he thoughtfully replies.

"Yes, Dad," I say very hopefully.

"So you could ride recklessly over every road in Manitowoc county, I suppose."

"Oh no, Dad!" I say, trying very hard to sound shocked.

"How 'bout last time, then? Remember those sixty miles you rode, heaven knows where."

"But, Dad," I plead, "I couldn't find a parking space, anywhere!"

About this time Mother comes in. Help for me? Not on your life! She sides with Dad.

Many minutes and promises later, consent is finally given, as if the car were a cherished heirloom.

Next I prepare myself for a lecture on safety, for it always follows as the night does the day. Safety in the home, safety on the street, safety while driving. It would seem as if I were leaving for the Sahara desert. Safety is pounded into my head until it gives me a thrill just to run down the stairs and defy myself to slip and break a leg.

None of my plans can remain secret, for a barrage of questions follows.

Finally, the keys jingling pleasantly in my pocket, I try hard just to walk out to the car.

disgrace

By SHARYN CARLIER '49

She hurried down the hallway,
With her conscience by her side.
"What's your hurry?" someone said.
"I'm just going home," she lied.

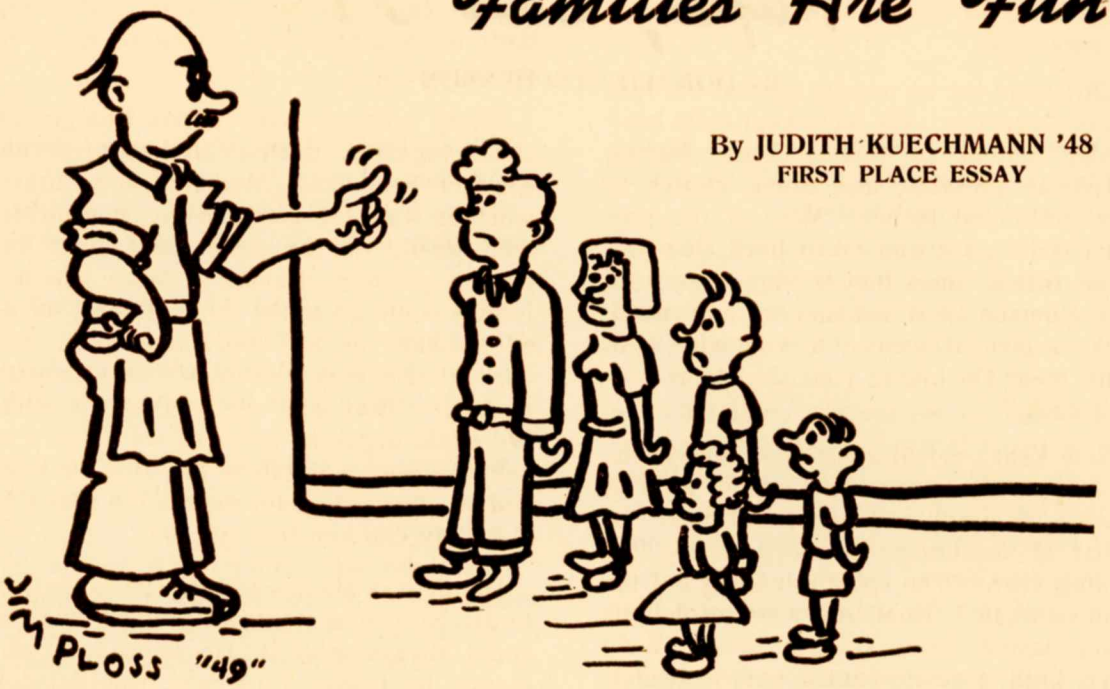
Her head was bent much lower,
She was filled with deep despair.
The halls were filled with people
But she had no business there.

She stumbled through a doorway,
But relief was not complete,
As she closed the door and sat
In the farthest corner seat.

She finished up her paper,
But she wouldn't dare to wait.
How could she face the teacher
With a paper two days late?

Families Are Fun

By JUDITH KUECHMANN '48
FIRST PLACE ESSAY



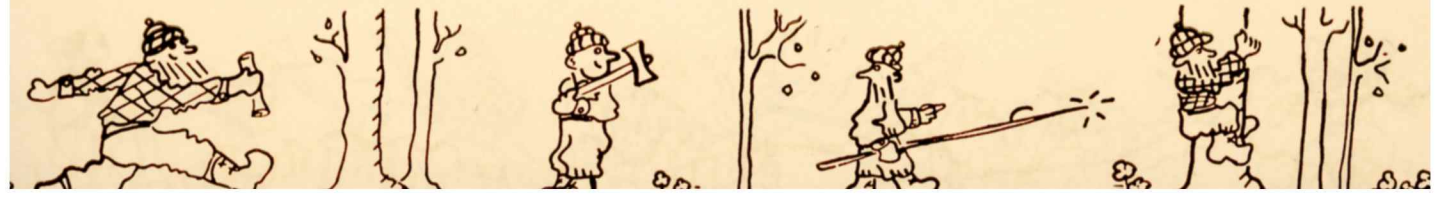
WOULD I want to be an only child? Gosh, no! I have five brothers, one sister, and two parents. Some people might call that a large family, but it isn't. It's just right.

There is a certain feeling of oneness and of belonging in our family. Whatever we did when we were younger, we did together. There were five of us ranging in age from four to eleven, and what one didn't think of, another certainly did. My two youngest brothers were born a few years later, so they missed our escapades. We didn't **deliberately** mean to annoy our parents continually, but somehow we just couldn't behave ourselves. Thinking back, I am amazed at the things we did, but at the time they seemed perfectly natural. There was the time when we took Mother's pet canary and held it under water to see if it, too, could blow bubbles. It couldn't, but by the time we came to that conclusion the bird was dead. We had very impressive funeral services for it though.

Going to bed was always fun for us. We'd kneel down together, say our prayers, and then see which one could get into bed first. That was for Mother's benefit, for as soon as she went downstairs we'd sneak out of bed again. No matter how much we talked during the day we always had certain matters to discuss at night. It never worked somehow. My father always heard us and came up to help us back into our own beds.

Life at home was never dull. Something was always being planned, some one was being scolded or praised; but whatever it was, life was always fun.

We even have several unsolved mysteries to our credit. If some object was missing, it was rather hard for my father to determine which of us was responsible. As there were five possible suspects, he had quite a choice. We never lied to him though; we just wouldn't tell the truth. And as a result we usually ended up in the basement, the oldest first. I had an advantage there too, because



I was the second youngest, and as my father is no Superman, my spankings weren't very hard.

Christmas for us usually started the first day of December. We were kept quite busy writing letters to Santa Claus, buying Christmas presents, and doing chores to earn additional money. Most of the presents were given and taken back, in word, about fifteen times before they were seen by the person for whom they were intended. Every argument seemed to end with, "All right, then, I'm taking your Christmas present back."

New Year's celebrations were always the same, year after year. After supper we'd sit down with pencil and paper and make out a list of resolutions to keep during the coming year. "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." How true! Our resolutions never lasted more than a week. We'd sleep until a few minutes before twelve, when Mother would call us. Then we'd stumble into the dining room to drink hot chocolate and wait. As soon as the bells began to ring, we'd all say, "Happy New Year!" kiss each other, and dash back into our beds. We were usually asleep before the noises stopped. I personally think it was a waste of time for us to get up at midnight. But Mother says we used to boast about it to our friends the next day, so I guess that was our reason.

Our Easter celebrations were usually very simple. We'd get up as soon as it was light and hunt for our Easter baskets. We'd spend the day quietly eating everything we could when Mother wasn't looking. We'd spend the next day in bed recuperating.

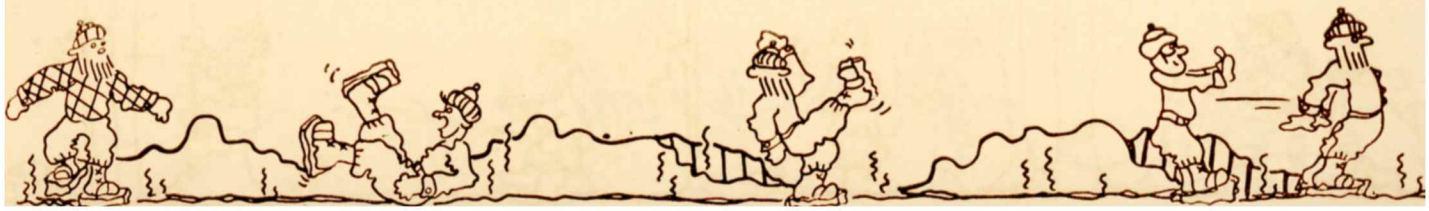
Birthdays were always special occasions with us. And with nine birthdays, each in a different month, they came pretty often. The birthday presents were treated like the Christmas presents, being switched back and forth several times before finally going to the right person. One unpleasant part was the eight spankings received before the presents. My birthdays were the only days when I regretted having so many in the family.

Living with so many others brought us closer together. Each of us had to decide whether we liked Mother's new dress, whether we were going to go on a picnic, who should do the dishes, and other important questions. Having to decide whether Johnny could go to the show at night seemed to make us feel more important. And once a decision was made, we never argued about it. That was one of Daddy's rules. We could argue as much as we wanted to before a vote was taken, but after that we had to obey. If I ever marry, I'm going to teach my children that rule too.

Daddy was always a super-special person to us. No matter what our problem was, he could always solve it. He could build airplanes, fix broken toys, sew beautiful doll dresses, tell any story that we wanted to hear, and could even cook. He wouldn't just fix the toy or make the dress, he would explain every detail of it to us, making us feel that we were helping too. Although Daddy was the one who punished us for misbehaving, that didn't make us like him any less. After a spanking, which we well deserved, he'd try to do some special thing for us. And that night he'd always come into the bedroom for a final kiss. "Just to make sure that we're friends".

Mother was by far the most important person in the household. We did hundreds of little jobs around the house to "surprise Mother". Her little smile and kiss made the work seem worthwhile. Mother was always ready to listen when we had something to tell her.

Maybe I have missed some things because I come from a large family. I have no regrets though. I love and cherish every laugh, quarrel, tear, and smile that we've shared together in our family.



Mrs. Mother

By SHIRLEY DREWS '48

SECOND PLACE INTERVIEW

"SHORT ones, fat ones, redheads, Italians, Norwegians, and Poles — I've had a bit of each," remarked the plump brown-haired woman as she deftly mended a yellow romper.

Mrs. Mother explained how she and her husband have been taking in homeless or underprivileged children for twenty-five years.

"It all started when we were first married. There was a large organization in Milwaukee which took children from slum districts and sent them to accredited private homes for two weeks to enjoy a clean and healthful environment.

"We took a few tykes during the summer months and both got a kick out of how excited they'd both be over a coaster wagon, or the joy they got from a fuzzy toy bunny. We had a little girl—I think her name was Clara — and a blond-haired boy and — gracious! I can't even remember the rest.

"One summer we got a sweet little five-year old girl, Helen, and kept her longer than the usual two weeks. We grew to love her and hated to part with her. I wrote a letter to her parents asking if we could keep her and send her to school. They were very poor, and realized they could never give her a decent, normal life, so they agreed.

"She was a wonderful companion to our own year and a half Donnie, and they grew up as brother and sister. When Helen was sixteen, she left us to go to Milwaukee and help her parents. It was hard seeing her go, but we got to see her often."

Helen is now grown up and living in Milwaukee with her two fine sons, who call Mrs. Mother "Gramma".

When Helen left, Mrs. Mother and her husband decided they wouldn't take any more tots, as they had their hands quite full with twelve year old baseball-mad Donnie and their three year old daughter, a mass of freckles, starched pinafores, and strawberry jam.

In 1942 her son left for the army and her daughter was completely involved in the fascinating world of junior high school, so

an eight year old lad, Jimmy, was taken in to use Don's bedroom and their daughter's rusting roller skates.

"He was a vivacious chap," recalled Mrs. Mother. "He had curly black hair and sparkling eyes and an odd craving for salad dressing. We had Jim two years and when he left, we vowed we would take no more children, as it was too hard parting."

But it seems when a person is used to washing extra overalls and setting the table for four it's rather hard to get back into the swing of regular-sized family duties, so a six-months baby girl from a welfare agency was added to Mrs. Mother's "bring-

ing-ups".

"I found I enjoyed raising babies more than older children," she said, snipping off the thread with her teeth. "Sure, there's a mess of diapers, heat rash, and coddled eggs; but you also have the pleasure of that first tooth and wavering step, and of teaching them to patty-cake or wave ' 'bye', and their first 'Mama' pays a thousand-fold for any night you sat up when they had colic."

They had Betsy for six months, and then she was legally adopted by a young couple who had room for a gal with curly, titian hair.

Formulas, strained carrots, and teeter-babes were now definitely a part of the life in the small gray bungalow. So next was chubby, jet-haired, mischievous-eyed Dianne. They had her from eight months until she was one and a half.

"She was so very darling," sighed Mrs. Mother as she folded a batch of clean wind-whipped diapers. "And very smart! She could walk at ten months and had such cute little phrases." She laughed as she said, "I remember she used to strut around the yard mumbling, 'Oh my, oh my, oh my,' at everything."

Two months before Dianne was placed in her permanent home they took another lamb into the fold, three-month Nancy. "She was so tiny, thin, and helpless beside the fat, healthy Dianne."

Nancy is still with them, but she's now a pudgy rascal who is attempting her first solo walk and becoming an old hand at making "soooo big".

Now there are three more added to the clan, nine year old Naomi, her smaller sister Jackie, two and a half, and blue-eyed Bobbie, three, besides Nancy and Mrs. Mother's own high school daughter.

"We're just like an ordinary family," Mrs. Mother explained, quickly grabbing an azure vase from the curious hands of Nancy. "We have birthday parties, scraps between my girl and Naomi over hair ribbons, our share of sniffles, arguments between Jackie and Bobbie over whose turn it is on the swing, riotous games of hide-and-seek, and spankings.

"Of course, it's a lot of work, what with Nancy cutting teeth, mud-tracked floors, daily washing, and oatmeal every morning.

"But there is no greater reward than when Jackie or Bob crawls up into my lap at night, scrubbed and in pajamas, slobbers me with kisses and coos, 'I love yous, Mommy'. And you forget the paper dolls on the living room floor when Naomi says, 'Thank you', and the mess Nancy made when she tipped over the end-table as you see her, innocent and content, interested only in her bottle.

"These kids are orphans, with no one to love or care for them. Some one has to; why can't I? We boarded a boy and a girl a while back while their parents house-hunted. They didn't cling to you and yearn for a bit of love as the homeless kids do. The least I can do is give them love."

I'm very proud of her—my mother.

WOODS IN WINTER

By BETTY WEBER '50

Moonlight sifting down among the branches
of trees,
Trees slender and bare, like lifted arms;
Trees knotted and massive, like workmen's
hands;
Monuments to God and time,
All trimmed and rimmed with ermine fur.

A flurry of wings, as an owl hunts;
A rabbit scurries to his home,
Leaving his story upon the snow.
A sleeping bird wakes to chirp in drowsy
tone;

Then, silence.

just another camper

By BETTY WEBER '50

SHE was just another little brown-eyed, pigtailed, first-week camper at Sinawa Girl Scout Camp that summer. But somehow, she will always return to me when I am recalling those happy weeks spent at camp as a Junior Counselor. Of all those eight and nine year old Brownie Scouts, with their eager faces and merry eyes, she is the one whose memory tarries, even though I don't remember her name.

I remember that first night after her arrival. I was seated on a bed in her cabin, talking to her and the three other inhabitants as they prepared for bed. I liked her even then, for there was something wistful about her as she said to me, "I hope I don't get lonesome. Do you think I will?"

I hastily assured her that she would not, and to myself I made a firm resolution to see that she did not.

She didn't get lonesome. She was too busy having a glorious time on her first camping trip. To her, life held nothing but the wonder of nature and the joy of discovery. Often she would come to me with a description of some animal or bird, curious as to its name and habits. She struggled with the tasks of building her first campfire and learning to row a boat.

At one time she confided that she wanted to come to camp every summer and to be a counselor when she was old enough. Of course I encouraged her in this, and now, looking back, I think I actually did believe that it would happen.

She always managed to sit next to me at campfires and at mealtimes. As the week of her stay drew to a close, I found myself wishing that she were not leaving.

But the unwelcome Saturday arrived all too quickly, and I was standing outside a bus window, with two brown arms entwined about my neck, and a sober little face pressed close to my own.

"Skippy, I don't want to go home," she whispered. "Why can't I stay longer?"

I realized that she was crying, and I tried to soothe her, only to be confronted by the fact that I too was uncomfortably near to tears.

"You can come back next year," I consoled her. "This winter will pass in a hurry, and then you can come again."

"Sure," she repeated. "I can come back next year, and you'll be here, too. Do you promise?"

"I promise. I'll see you next year."..... "see you next year....."

But I didn't go to camp the next year. I worked in a drugstore, and somehow the summer passed.

I never saw her again. She must be quite a young lady by now, but I hope she hasn't changed too much. I wonder if she ever thinks of me?

It's funny, but I just remembered something. Her name was Suzie.

THE FISHERMAN

By DAVID TESS '48

THE fisherman is a typical American character, and a typical American fisherman's trip goes something like this:

Our fisherman has prepared for this trip for weeks and weeks and weeks. He has dreamed of this moment night after night. It is bound to be, in his estimation, the nearest thing to heaven possible. It is just about time to go. It is raining!

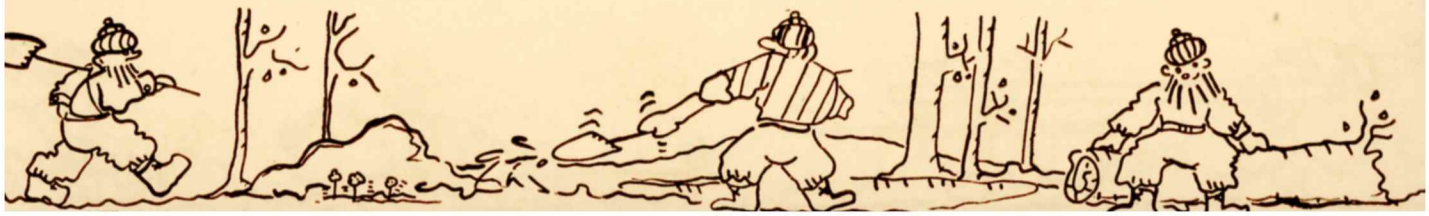
Now rain is a worker of miracles when it comes to restoring life to dry, devastated crops, but if there is anything in God's great creation that can blast a fisherman's hopes and grind them into the dirt, it is rain. Because rain cannot be stopped by a list of cuss-words the length of your arm, our hero begins the trip in a stupor of desolate gloom. He reaches his destination in plenty of time to hear the authoritative rumor that the local fishing will probably be poor, at least for a while, because of the rampaging elements.

After a day or so the clouds roll by, the sun bursts forth, and all is well with the world. The fisherman is able to forget his previous setbacks and make a go at the manly art of fishing with new vigor. He sets forth upon the watery deep equipped with every lure, bait, and gimmick possible, in search of the wary fish. His first impulse is to cast expertly into the ideal game fish pools and eddies along the shore. Having cast till his arm has become a throbbing burden, our hero decides that all the game fish have gone to the home of their ancestors, and makes for deeper water to try his luck at still fishing. Now his artificial baits and lures are guaranteed, sure-fire methods of enticing any passing scaly creature into taking the fatal nibble.

"How strange, no reaction from the Dipsy-Doodle Special. The conditions must not be right for that type of lure. Better try the Whooper-Dooper Wobbler. That's sure to get them. Hmm—no luck. Maybe the current's running too fast."

And so on into the wee hours of the afternoon the patient fisherman scientifically diagnoses the reason why the fish don't bite. As the last rays of sunset redden the sky, our foiled hero wearily makes his way

toward his automobile. As he downheartedly plods along, his ears catch the happy notes of a whistled tune. He turns to see a barefoot boy, cane pole and worm can in hand, skip merrily down the road, an enormous stringer of you-know-what clenched securely in his fist. Our hero's first reactions are somewhat indescribable, but they gradually boil down to a mild rage. He begins his return journey under oath that he will never look at another fish again as long as he lives, and as it is so aptly put in the Parable of the Fisherman, "He returneth home, smelling of strong drink, and the truth is not in him."



going - going - gone

By PATRICIA HOPPER '49

I have auction fever. I am unable to restrain myself at the sight of would-be treasures piled high awaiting the auctioneer's gavel. I am always certain that some day I shall bear home triumphantly a bed that Washington slept in, or perhaps a discarded and dusty Rembrandt.

I glance casually at the household appliances. They are too obviously the "trade name" variety. Tables, chairs, and the usual "upholstered living room suites" are necessary evils, and although I occasionally add fifty cents to the bid, conversationally, it is never done with the hope of actually acquiring the monstrosities.

My eagle-eye never for one moment soars away from the mysterious boxes and barrels that go to make up the epilogue of the auction. Through their pasteboard sides I see gleaming Aladdin's lanterns, glittering Pandora's boxes, and Jason's golden fleece.

When the gavel descends, I timidly offer twenty-five cents. The crowd turns its telescopic eye on me. A quarter, indeed, for the dregs of someone's attic! But who knows? Perhaps a Shakespeare first edition lies moldering among those 1940 LIFE magazines.

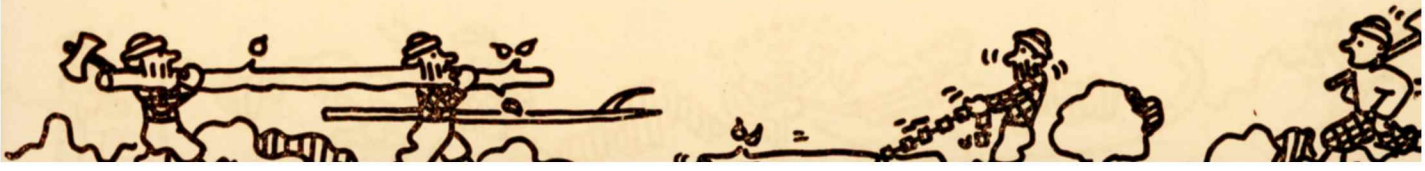
For another quarter I become the proud owner of bundles and bundles of love letters of Robert Browning. No matter that they don't begin with "Dear Elizabeth". Somewhere among those beribboned "Hiya Babe's" there may be an authentic romance.

Some day I too shall have an auction. Or it may be my executors will have an auction. But when the chant of the auctioneer dies away and some other fanatic trudges homeward with my thirty-seven crates of enchantment, he too shall search in vain for the shoe from Paul Revere's horse or the string from B. Franklin's kite.

UNKNOWN

By MARY HOOPER '49

Why was she there? It's funny how an urchin can catch one's attention. There she was peering into one of the deserted warehouses with her tiny nose pressed against the pane. From just watching her, I'd judge she was about five or six years old. The clothes that she wore apparently had been serving other members of the family before her. Her straight black hair was partly covered by a violet tam. The tattered coat offered little resistance to the cold, heartless swooping of the wind. As I continued studying the child, I noticed that her thin structure suddenly started to shake with pitiful sobs. I hurried to the spot and as I approached, the haggard child momentarily gazed at me with fear in her eyes, then turned and ran down the alley, disappearing into the gathering darkness. Poor child, I wonder why she was there.



THEY'RE FOR KEEPS

By JOANNE BERG '48

"OH, come now, Jeanne, freckles aren't as bad as that." I can still recall my fourth grade teacher's telling me that.

"Oh, but they are," I insisted.

Some of the boys in my class had been teasing me about them, so I ran into the school and hid in the cloak closet.

It was then I thought the whole world hated me, and I was sure I hated the world.

Miss Johnson made me go to the lavatory where I looked at my face in the mirror. There were big black marks on my face, but the freckles showed through. My nose was red but not dirty, which made each freckle pop out and seem to say, "Here I am; you just can't get rid of me!"

Once more I felt the urge to sob, but I was so angry I couldn't. Why did those awful boys tease me? I didn't ask for the derned specks, nor did I sunbathe with a tea-strainer on my face!

That night I went to bed and dreamed about Johnny's yelling to me while I was on the merries. "Ha, ha, Hanson's got freckles." And just as it happened, the whole gang of boys yelled together, "Ha, ha, Hanson's got freckles!" Then I woke up.

As I lay there, I couldn't get back to sleep, so I put my thinking cap on and began to make up smart answers to toss to Johnny and the other fellas.

Well, it just so happened that the next day the fellas were very sweetie-pie to me. I couldn't realize what they were up to. Maybe our teacher had talked with them, I thought. Otherwise I couldn't figure out why they acted that way.

As the days rolled on, the kids occasionally teased me, but it never was as bad as that one time.

Years went by and here I am, a senior in high school. One of the teachers here calls me "Freckles" whenever I see him. I have to admit I like hearing it.

It doesn't bother me at all. I have to laugh at my experiences with lemon juice and morning dew and the time when I stopped eating peanut butter for a year.

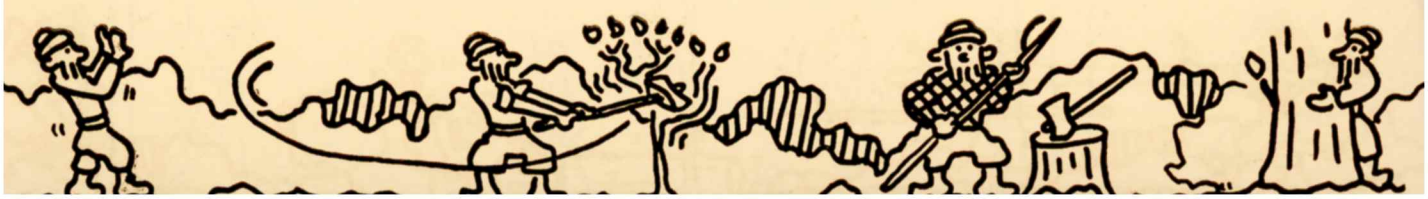
As I look back on my short life I think, "Gee whiz, it was fun being teased about freckles. Some girls are so perfect that they haven't a thing for the boys to tease them about."

And, say, I forgot to mention that I threw my jar of Stillman's freckle cream into the basket!

PEOPLE

By GRETCHEN HOYER '48

People are funny;
They fascinate me;
They gossip and whisper
'Bout others they see;
And most of the time
They don't realize
That they're funny too
And not very wise.



By SHIRLEY DREWS '48 SECOND PLACE SHORT STORY

" WAIT, FAYE, WAIT and SEE "

PATSY sat silently, toying with the frayed sleeve of her too-small worn blue coat.

Sunlight faded the room, revealing the worn spot on the dark maroon rug and sending a glint off the car keys the welfare lady, Miss Barner, was absentmindedly twisting on the small silver chain. She talked in her low, soft voice to the plump attentive Mrs. Lewin who was shoving a pin up and down in the arm of the davenport.

"It's strictly a case of parental negligence. They weren't cut out to be parents, and they don't provide the proper means or environment for the development of the child. The case won't be settled until next month. You'll keep her until matters are settled. The parents get a month's trial, and if conditions aren't improved, she'll be placed out for legal adoption. I personally believe a divorce is in the future—but who knows?"

Patsy's six-year-old impatience was ebbing and she sighed and closed her eyes, the color of warm lake water, until bright flashes of vivid color flashed before her.

She thought of that morning when Miss Barner, a policeman, her teacher, and the neighbor lady had come. Miss Barner had told Mother and Daddy that she had warned them several times and more bad reports were coming in so there would be no alternative. The other three stood in tight-lipped silence while Daddy shouted, "You have no right to take her away," and Mother cried.

Then Mother dressed her in her best dress, which was a faded pink and carelessly patched under the arms, and combed her hair. She packed Patsy's few clothes and her roller skates in a cardboard box and sobbed, "Be good, baby. Mommy and Daddy won't leave you, Patsy. So be real good."

Patsy stood rigid and frightened as her mother hugged her. But this was a different kind of fear. She had been afraid nights when she awoke to find her mother and daddy gone when they promised they'd not go away, or she'd hear them quarreling violently in the living room. This time **she** was going away.

"We'll get you soon," Mother cried again as she put Patsy in the front seat of the lady's gray coupe.

Patsy sat on the edge of her seat and stared questioningly at Miss Barner. The woman turned, smiled, and said, "You're going to live in the city for a while, Pat. These people have a big sandbox and swing, and you'll love it there."

Patsy watched her closely for the rest of the ride, clutching her limp rag doll tightly.

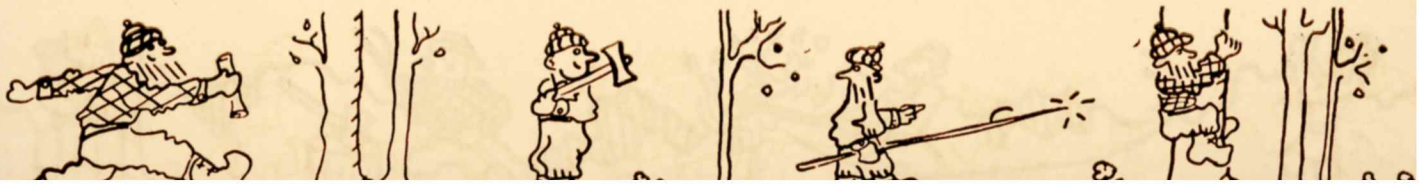
"I'll leave the rest up to you, Mrs. Lewin. Goodby, Pat, be a nice gal, now."

Patsy jumped up as she heard her name and came back to reality. Miss Barner had risen and was standing in front of the door. She gave Mrs. Lewin a half apologetic, half hopeful smile and left.

"Hadn't we better take your coat off, Patsy?" asked Mrs. Lewin.

Patsy scowled at her and then said slowly, her voice filled with hate, "I don't **want** to stay here."

Mrs. Lewin looked down at her in mock amazement. "My goodness, what will Sally Ann do?"



Patsy looked at the older woman warily and said falteringly, "Sally Ann?"

"Why, she's been waiting for you a long time. Come with me, dear."

Patsy picked up her box and grasped her doll firmly. They went into a small room where there was a small bed, rocker, bureau, and table. Fuzzy yellow teddy bears paraded across the wall to an open window with a fluffy white curtain over it. A chubby baby doll was sitting in the middle of the bed. She had silky golden hair and long eyelashes.

"This is your room, dear, and that's Sally Ann."

Patsy stared unbelieving, then awkardly picked up the grinning doll.

"Do you think you'll stay?"

Patsy breathed, "My room, my very own, and my doll!"

Mrs. Lewin swallowed hard. "Just yours. Want to unpack your clothes now? I'll be in the kitchen." She patted the shining-eyed girl and tiptoed out.

Patsy walked slowly around to the wall where she reverently touched one of the decals. She put her hand on the rocker back and slowly pushed it. "My goodness, my room," she sighed rapturously.

The door opened and a tall girl with molasses-colored hair slipped into the room. "Hello, Patsy. I'm Faye."

Patsy looked at her wide-eyed.

Faye smiled, crinkling her dusty gray eyes. "How about you and me unpacking, hm?" She stepped over to the box and began opening it.

Patsy pushed her way in front of Faye and put her hands on the box. "That's my box," she said defiantly.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Pat," Faye apologized innocently. "You unpack and I'll sit and watch, OK?"

With a puzzled look Patsy stared at Faye. She was pretty and had the clean woodsy smell of the forest behind her home in the country. Patsy felt guilty about being so rude. She pulled out the roller skates. They had never been used because there were no sidewalks where Patsy lived.

"My teacher brought me these," she offered shyly.

"They're very nice. Shall we try them out? We'll unpack tonight."

Patsy grinned happily and took Faye's extended hand. "Do you like paper dolls?" asked Faye. Patsy nodded enthusiastically. "Well, I have lots of them you can have. We'll see if we can make some doll clothes, too." She squeezed Patsy's hand. "We're going to have lots of fun, Patty."

Patsy looked worshipingly at Faye as the latter tightened her skates. Impulsively she reached out and touched Faye's soft yellow sweater.

"All set," Faye announced. "You skate up to the fourth house. I'll stand at the bottom here and catch you."

Patsy moved clumsily up the hill. Her heart jerked as she started down and she grabbed Faye with a little gasp. Every time she went up she grew more confident of herself and soon she was shrieking gleefully as she raced down the hill. Once she came down with such force that she tipped Faye over and they rolled on the tender grass laughing joyfully.

"You tinkle when you laugh," Patsy said to Faye. Faye grabbed her and hugged her her hard.

"C'mon in before we skate your appetite away!"

Patsy giggled loudly and repeated, "Wow, skate my appetite away!"

At the supper table she was quiet and

and thoughtful again. She was fascinated by Mr. Lewin, who called her Bunny, and laughed so much and so loud it hurt her ears. She wondered if her mother and daddy were eating. Suddenly she felt sick. Her tongue was like bad-tasting rubber and her throat ached. She started to sob inwardly.

Mrs. Lewin smiled sympathetically and whispered, "Go lie down, Pat."

She sat as if she were petrified. The sobs tore from her mouth in large raspy sounds. Faye slipped out of her chair, took Patsy by the shoulders and guided her into her room. They sat down on the bed, and Faye crooned into her ear, "Just cry, honey, cry hard."

She held her so tight that Patsy's face ached. Finally the hot salty tears came, and her light thin body shook. Faye gripped her more and stroked her hair. Finally she sighed convulsively and moaned, "Mommy, Mommy, Mommy."

When she was completely relaxed Faye took off her scuffed sandals and slipped the sheet over her. She smoothed her hair and kissed her hot and damp cheek.

Patsy lay, stiff and still, gazing unseeing at the curtain tab which banged methodically against the screen.

She awoke to a strange whirring noise and snapped up. She stared curiously at the room and then sighed when she saw Mrs. Lewin running the vacuum cleaner in the next room.

Mrs. Lewin shut off the machine and greeted, "Hi, early bird. Want to go downtown with Faye? We're going to get you some sun suits and a new dress, and maybe something extra special you like."

Patsy nodded eagerly saying, "I can dress myself. Someone has to tie my shoes 'n buckle me, though."

Mrs. Lewin smiled gratefully and replied, "OK."

She ate breakfast with Faye and they both laughed hilariously over the cartoon on the breakfast food box.

"All aboard for downtown," drawled Faye and Patsy echoed her. Then they left, Patsy skipping and chattering merrily to Faye.

To Patsy the morning was a fairyland. They tried on ruffly silk dresses, and Patsy marveled at the coolness of the material and the swish that it made when she walked. They visited a toy shop, and Patsy squealed gleefully when she saw the wooly white make-believe dogs. They rode on an elevator, and she felt empty and funny inside as they went upward.

They went to a place where there were more books than you could ever count and walked through a park where fountains squirted water and a funny man sold ice cream cones.

Faye watched Patsy, amused as the child breathed, "Faye, is this the **whole** world?"

After they got home and Patsy had related her thrilling experiences to Mrs. Lewin, she went outside with Sally Ann, a set of tin dishes she got from Faye, and her rag doll. Mrs. Lewin gave her some carrots and cookies and she went under the shady maple tree to have a party.

A little girl about Patsy's age was bouncing a bright red rubber ball on the sidewalk chanting, "One, two, three, O'Leary."

To Patsy she looked like a princess in a starched pink pinafore with her silky yellow curls tied up with a fat satin ribbon. She had milky white skin, and Patsy stared at her own brown scratched arms and legs.

The little girl knew Patsy was watching, so she bounced the ball a little harder and sang louder. Then she casually walked over to where Patsy was openly adoring her and said calmly, "I'm Lynn."

Patsy answered rapidly, "I'm Patsy."

Lynn looked with distaste at Patsy's mangled rag doll. "I wouldn't play with such a filthy thing," she said haughtily.

Patsy looked stunned but Lynn went on. "You're dirty, too, and your dress is ripped," she smirked.

Patsy's face darkened and she jumped up angrily.

Lynn, delighted that she had angered Patsy, taunted, "You haven't even got a mother or father. They left you. Mrs. Lewin was talking to my mother. And they're never never **never** coming back!"

Patsy sucked in her breath and lunged at the teasing Lynn. She grabbed her by the hair and shook her, screaming hysterically. "I have too a mother and father, I have too!" She shook her harder yelling, "I hope you die, I hope I kill you!"

A strong arm separated the wild, kicking Patsy from the crying, frightened Lynn.

Patsy fought and screamed till her head throbbed. Faye was holding her so tightly that her nails left deep, biting marks in Patsy's flesh. She screamed louder and louder. Suddenly Faye slapped her hard and stingingly on her cheek. She collapsed, a simpering mass on the ground.

Faye spoke severely to the wailing Lynn. "I'm sorry, Lynn, if Patsy hurt you. But you hurt her a lot more. She's new and strange here, and terribly lonesome. And Patsy has got a mother and father."

She picked up Patsy and said loudly and clearly, "Patsy, your mother and daddy will come back, they **will**."

A cool breeze came through the screen and Patsy shivered. It was growing dark just as it had grown dark the past four Sundays. A fine rain was falling as the fifty-third car whizzed by, making a slick sound on the wet pavement.

This was a game. When she got tired of her long vigil every Sunday watching for them, she started counting cars. Mother and Daddy would never come until twenty-five cars had gone by. But on Sundays, the usually quiet street was a little busier so she watched for thirty-five, then she made it into fifty.

She sighed as the fifty-fifth car sped by. It was raining harder now, and the cars were zooming by. Fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight — she loved Faye and Mrs. and Mr. Lewin but — fifty-nine; Mother and Daddy had to come, they promised they would come—sixty.

Patsy closed the door and leaned on it, rubbing her shoulder against the door knob. Faye looked up from the white scarf she was knitting for Patsy and smiled sympathetically.

Patsy smiled back, "Don't you worry, Faye. They'll come next Sunday. 'Course I'll come and see you often, but they'll come Sunday, my mother and daddy will. So wait and see, Faye, they'll come, just wait and see."

THE WEAVER

By MARY SINGER '50

Over and under, over and under,
And the shuttle's song goes on—
With faded eye and nimble hand
He weaves his patterned web,
Like the spider who spins his symmetrical lace,
With the thread from the spool of his mind.
Over and under, over and under,
And the shuttle's song goes on—

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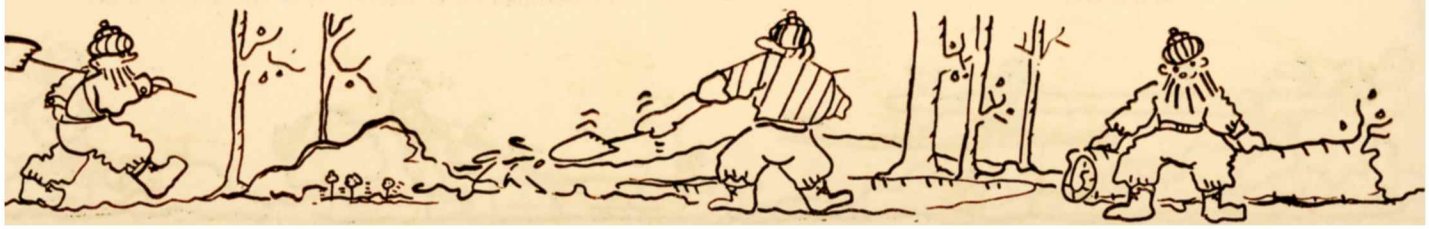

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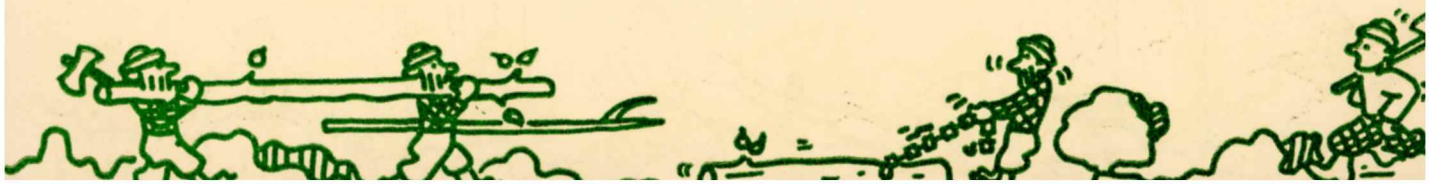

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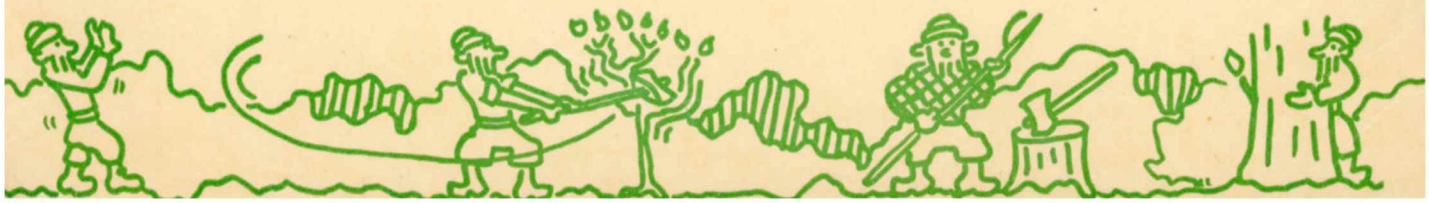

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